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THE PIONEER



HISTORICAL SKETCHES

...OF...

BROWNVILLE, MAINE



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Volume 1, 1840-1845

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THE PIONEER

Vol. 1 No. 1

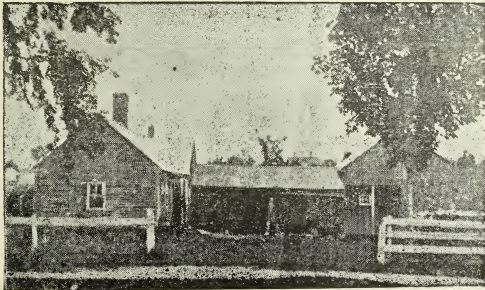
MAY 1911

Price Per Year 50 Cents

THE PIONEER.

The primary object of this paper is to collect and preserve information relating to the history and development of Brownville. The loss of the early town records by fire makes it difficult to secure accurate information in certain lines of research. For this reason in particular we ask the assistance of all who have in their possession facts relating to the

run out by Samuel Weston in 1794. The first purchaser was Samuel Fowler who bought it in 1795 for 2964 pounds sterling, with the condition that he should have forty families settled on it within eight years. He paid 261 pounds, but afterward failed to meet his engagements, and it reverted to the state. Joseph Blake was the next purchaser. The terms and date of this sale are unknown.



The first frame house built in Brownville, erected by Rev. Hezekiah May on the site of the Brown Homestead, afterwards removed to Main Street and is now incorporated in the dwelling house occupied by Benjamin Harris.

early history of the town, knowledge of events which should be recorded, or papers and documents of interest to the public.

We should like, also, a column of anecdotes heard in childhood, reminiscences of the dear old people who fought their way into the wilderness, and made the town what it is. Towns, like individuals, change materially with the passing years, and the manners and customs of today are vastly different from those of a century ago. Wherefore, it would interest us all to learn more about the every day life and the social pleasures of the early inhabitants of Brownville, as well as to know of their more serious undertakings and achievements.

SKETCH OF SOME OF THE EARLY SETTLERS OF BROWNVILLE.

The township of Brownville was No. 5, in the eighth range, and contained 22,320 acres. This range of townships was

He employed Park Holland to lot it out in 1803. In 1805 Mr. Holland surveyed it, probably for Moses Brown and Josiah Hills of Newburyport, Mass., who soon after bought it, and commenced its settlement.

In the spring of 1806, Messrs. Brown and Hills sent Francis Brown with a crew of workmen, to build a dam and mills on Pleasant river. They selected the falls where the dam now is, and where once could be heard, night and day, the busy hum of the saw and grist mills, and where the village now stands. They brought up their tools, mill-irons and provisions from Bangor, in boats; and by fall the mills were in operation. Then Major Josiah Hills, one of the proprietors, moved in and took charge of the mills. He eventually sold his share of the mills to Mr. Brown, moved on to a new farm, and died there in 1810.

There were no frame dwelling houses in town at that time, and the first settler

2
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All advertising matter should be left with E. H. Gould.

of whom we have any knowledge was one Jonathan Heath, who lived in a log shanty on the west bank of the river near where the hotel now stands. Later he moved on to some land and cleared a farm in North Brownville where Granville Roberts now lives. If I am correctly informed, there were two or three other settlers living in the north part of the town at that time, a Mr. Hamlet, a Mr. Crawford, and Jonathan Marble. These were hunters, trappers, and lumbermen, in a small way. And in fact it was often times necessary for those early settlers to resort to hunting and fishing in order to keep the gaunt wolf from the door. But the brooks and rivers were full of trout and salmon, game-fowl were everywhere, and the woods full of moose, deer, and caribou. And on the newly-cleared land, berries were plentiful, large, and delicious.

The first frame house in town was built on Brown's Hill by one Hezekiah May, preacher and teacher. He occupied it six or seven years, preaching the gospel, visiting the sick, and teaching school in the winter. The house was next occupied by Deacon Francis Brown for a number of years, then sold to Mr. John Gould and moved to the place now occupied by Benj. Harris, who has remodeled it and made it into the beautiful residence it now is.

But the building of the mills gave a new impetus to the settling of the township. As early as 1808 or 1809, Dr. Isaac Wilkins moved in with his family, and located on the farm subsequently occupied by his son George, and, at the present time, by E. C. Ryder. Dr. Isaac Wilkins had at least five sons, four of whom settled in town. (I do not know the order of their birth. Sydney was the first white child born in Brownville.) Sydney bought a farm, first, in the eastern part of the town, at present owned by S. H. Stone. When his son Daniel was nine or ten years old, he removed and bought the farm known as the Daniel Wilkins Place, now occupied by the Poole brothers. Harry Wilkins took a farm joining his brother George's. And Isaac studied medicine, married the eldest daughter of Deacon Francis Brown, and for a term of years was practicing physician in this town.

Then came the Thomases, the Ryders, the Morrills, the Smiths, and the Howards; and one James Rankin who first located on the point between the river and Whetstone Brook; also a Mr. Samuel Stickney who took up a farm on the hill,

which is still occupied by his descendants. I am informed that this Mr. Stickney was a large, powerful man, and a man of great endurance,—at one time a marine in the U. S. Navy. He was employed for a time to carry the mail between Bangor and Brownville, going on foot, and finding his way by spotted line and bridle path through the towns of Milo, Sebec, Atkinson, Charleston, Corinth, and Levant, making semi-weekly trips. He oft times did errands and brought packages from Bangor for the settlers. It is said that at one time he was engaged to bring a grindstone from Bangor, which he cheerfully did, walking into the settlement on schedule time with the stone on his shoulder and the mail-pouch under the other arm. When asked his fee, he replied, "Ninepence,—all I ever ask for doing an errand."

About the year 1814, Elisha Johnson moved from New Sharon, Franklin county. At the time he came here, there were only three frame houses in Brownville village. The one he moved into was the little corner house where the Briggs block now stands. He was a shoe-maker and tanner, as also were his father and grandfathers for four generations. He and his wife came from Bangor on horseback, he with the baggage strapped upon his horse's back, and his wife with her two baby boys on the other horse. She had to ford several streams in that way, but she was not afraid. She was young and courageous, and nimble on her feet. As she told her daughter one day after she was an old lady, in speaking of the "sin of dancing;" "But there, they used to say I was the prettiest dancer in New Sharon." Uncle Elisha, as he was always called, had a little shop near the place where Cohen's Clothing store is now. The mischievous boys of the neighborhood were in the habit of playing a practical joke now and then; and, as Uncle Elisha's shop was too near the middle of the road, they conceived the idea of moving it. So, one moonlight night in autumn, with their united strength, together with the help of a yoke of oxen they wrenched it from its foundations, and dragged it up the road to "the old burying ground" where they left it after hanging upon it the old tavern sign. In the morning when Mr. Johnson went to his work, lo, and behold! there was no shop where he had left it the night before. So, being a "Peace man," and in the habit of preaching non-resistance, he quietly removed his tools to another place, and left his shop for the boys to move back at their leisure, which they eventually did. But Uncle Elisha was a devout Christian, a great worker in the church, the Sabbath school, and the temperance cause. And I venture the assertion that his right to enter the Pearly Gates was never questioned.

On June 29, 1819, the township was organized as Brownville Plantation, and on Feb. 24, 1824, it was incorporated as

the Town of Brownville.

—R. G. TIBBETTS.

SOLDIERS OF THE CIVIL WAR.

"We were boys when the first gun thundered,

And we waited in fear and wondered
With a vague sense of evil to come;
For we knew not the meaning of battle;
We knew not the musketry's rattle,
Nor the roll of the wakening drum.

But signs of strife gathered round us,
By our books and our farms they found us,

As the sick and the wounded came back,
Bringing fire to young hearts of tinder;
What power on earth could hinder
A flame springing swift from their track?

Like a dream the old scenes rise before us,
In the blue the old banner floats o'er us;
See, the blue line steadily comes!
They are gone, leaving fathers and mothers,
Leaving sisters and wives and—others,
At the call of the bugle and drum."

Fifty years ago the call to arms sounded through every town and village of our country. Bangor claims the honor of enrolling the first volunteers in Maine, but certainly the outlying towns were prompt to follow her example.

In Brownville, Moses W. Brown organized and drilled a body of men who went into service in May, 1861, and Nelson T. Smith followed with another squad in October of the same year.

We give below a partial list of soldiers with their enrollment.

Moses W. Brown, Co. A 6th Regt. Me. Vols. Captain. Afterward Captain and Quartermaster of the 20th Me.

Nelson T. Smith, Co. H 11th Regt. Me. Vols. First Lieutenant.

Charles H. Berry, Co. A 6th Regt. Me. Vols. After serving three years he was taken prisoner and died in Andersonville.

Loumus Berry, Co. A 6th Regt. Me. Vols. Corporal in Color Guard. Severely wounded at Rappahannock Station. Nov. 7, 1863.

Matthew S. Berry, Co. H 11th Regt. Me. Vols. Also 8th Indp. New York Battery. In Pioneer Corps on Peninsular Campaign, helping to repair and destroy bridges on the Chickahominy River. Re-enlisted and served in Battery till close of war.

George W. Emerson, Co. A 6th Regt. Me. Vols. Sergeant. Died in the service, 1862.

John E. Fogg, Co. A 6th Regt. Me. Vols. Killed at Fredericksburg.

Samuel M. Johnson, Co. F 1st Maine Cavalry Vols. Enlisted from Milo. Killed near Petersburg.

Wm. F. Johnson, Co. F 1st Maine Cavalry Vols. Enlisted from Milo

Wounded in the same battle as above. Died of wounds at Wash. D. C.
Isaac J. Marble, Co. C, 22nd Regt. Me. Vols. Also 7th Maine Battery. Wounded near Berkshire Jct.
Lyman H. Wilkins, Co. A 6th Regt. Me. Vols. First Lieutenant. Killed at Rappahannock Station, Nov. 7, 1863.
This column will be continued in the next issue.

MEMORIAL HYMN.

We wait now with weeping,
Where heroes brave are sleeping,
Who live in song and story,
And deeds of fadeless glory.
Though dead they live, to memory dear,
The nation's dead are resting here.

A wreath for brows immortal
We twine around death's portal,
And leave it here above them,
To show that still we love them;
Though dead they live, to memory dear,
The nation's dead are resting here.

The past comes up before us,—
Our battle flag is o'er us;
The battle call is sounding,
And men to death are bounding;
Though dead they live, to memory dear,
The nation's dead are resting here.

In space sublime above us,
Unseen they wait and love us;
And there we hope to meet them,
In Heaven's peace to greet them;
Though dead they live, to memory dear,
The nation's dead are resting here.
—REV. L. S. COAN.

REV. LEANDER S. COAN.

The quotation and the poem above were written by the Rev. Leander S. Coan, who was pastor of the Cong. church in Brownville, 1868-1871.

He was the eldest son of Deacon Samuel Coan of Garland, Maine; was graduated from the Theological Seminary at Bangor in the summer of 1862; preached till August, 1864, when he enlisted as a private soldier in the Sixty-first Mass. Volunteers; served his time out, and at the close of the war resumed his professional work, which he continued until his death.

THE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.

The conception of the Free Public Library was an inspiration. Two or three individuals were strongly impressed to begin work in a small way, toward securing a fund for the establishment of a Reading Room and Library. Each was ignorant of this feeling on the part of the others, until a casual remark revealed the fact that they were interested in and working for the same object.

On discovering this, they united their efforts in order to do more effective work. Being members of the W. C. T. U., they asked the support of that organization in building up a place of resort which should be an uplift to the community

and an aid to the schools. This proposition was accepted by a unanimous vote.

Not long after, it became expedient to have a separate organization for the library work, since this interfered with the regular work of the W. C. T. U. and also because there was difficulty about the legal holding of property.

So in January, 1905, the Library Association was organized with the following members:

Rev. David S. Pugh,
Mrs. David S. Pugh,
Mrs. Martha A. Chase,
Mrs. Eliza S. Howard,
Mrs. Susan P. Merrill,
Mrs. Helen M. Kennison,
E. L. Chase.

It should be said here that the Rev. D. S. Pugh and Mrs. Pugh were of great help in this undertaking.

At that time arrangements had been made to secure the building lot now owned by the Association, which was soon after transferred to us, at a sacrifice of fifty dollars in our favor. It then became necessary to raise money, and various schemes were resorted to before the land was finally paid for. Meantime we were looking toward the erection of a Library Building.

But in the spring of 1910, through the courtesy of Mrs. Alice Sumner, we were offered from fifty to seventy-five volumes of books, provided we should arrange to put them into circulation. Having previously received fifty volumes from various sources, we decided to open the present Reading Room,—which was done in October, 1910, with Mrs. Annie Davis as librarian.

In our next issue, mention will be made of books and periodicals contributed.

—S. P. M.

ITEMS.

Among the Piscataquis Real Estate Conveyances there recently appeared a notice of the transfer of property from A. W. and E. S. Page to Herbert Ladd et al. The land sold is a part of the original Brown farm which included Brown's Hill, extending to the Sebec line on the west, joining the Quarry property on the north and the Ryder farm on the south, and reaching, toward the village, to the lands now held by E. A. Sampson, heirs of S. A. Smith, and O. H. Williams. This farm, once cultivated by a single proprietor, is now held by at least twelve owners, and occupied by nine or more sets of buildings.

Mr. Page and son have removed to the old Locke Place.

Another recent transfer of real estate is that whereby John Thomas of Williamsburg receives the farm and buildings heretofore owned by his mother, Mrs. Ellen Thomas. This farm is said to have been cleared by John Clifford who built the house and occupied it for many years. Mrs. Thomas is to make her home with her son Richard on Quarry Avenue.

On Sunday, April 30, the Rev. Mr. Montgomery preached his first sermon as pastor of the M. E. church of this village.

One hundred years ago, our forefathers were making history in this little valley conquering the privations of pioneer life, and carving homes out of the primeval wilderness. Would it not be fitting to memorialize their labors by some centennial observance, such as an Old Home Week or a pageant?

We have gathered the materials for the present issue of our paper from various sources, verifying our statements as far as possible by such authorities as are within our reach. If errors appear we shall be glad to correct them. And we shall be especially glad to print additional data whenever our items are shown to be incomplete.

RECOLLECTIONS.

I recall the days when we used to hold Lyceums in the old school-house at North Brownville, from fifty-five to sixty years ago. I remember, too, the old-timers who used to meet there,—one, in particular, Mr. Flavel Snow. He was quite a literary character, and withal something of a poet. If anything out of the ordinary happened in town, he would be pretty sure to turn it into verse for the next issue of the Lyceum paper. For instance, if a man fancied that he had got the worst of it in a trade, and was disposed to make a little fuss about it, Flavel would go on something like this: In the month of October just after a frost, Bill What's-his-name started in search of a horse;

He said he thought he might "lite" of a chance,

With Uncle Rube Mayo across the East Branch,

He said, "Mr. Mayo, I want me a horse, But one that not more than ten dollars will cost."

Says Mayo, "I've got one—I think she will suit—

You can have for ten dollars and twenty to boot."

He said, "That is higher than I thought to buy,

But then I suppose she will go like a fly."

He said, "Mr. Mayo, I think you are fair, I want a good horse, and I'll take the grey mare."

Well it seems that the old horse didn't suit, and after keeping her about a week, he sent the boys home with her, with instructions to tell Mr. Mayo,

"She had eat all his cornstalks and the best of his hay,

Now, Mayo, just take back your blamed old grey."

But alas for those old days! They are gone, and with them the old associates; and I alone am left to tell you.

—ONE OF THE OLD-TIMERS.

THE PIONEER

Vol. 1 No. 3

JULY 1911

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COMING OF THE WELCH PEOPLE AND THE SLATE QUARRIES.

The little country of Wales in the British Isles is the mother of the slate industry, and it was due to the restless and intelligent exploits of her sons that the abundant deposit of slate was utilized in this and surrounding sections of the State.

We find that one Robert Evans, a Welsh-

and Bangor, North Wales, two very beautiful places having all the advantages of the most favored cities of that day,—the fine old Roman roads, the splendid churches and schools. What a contrast this new country must have presented to their homesick eyes! Their only way of getting here was by stage from Bangor, Me., a rough and tiresome journey.

In these Old World cities is located the



The Brown Homestead, built by Dea. Francis Brown

man and an explorer, coming through here as early as 1840, located and tested a vein of slate on the old Palmer place in Barnard. Here an excavation was made by Evans and another Welshman by the name of Edward Edwards.

This first attempt at quarrying, which was done in a very primitive and crude fashion did not prove a success. They therefore abandoned this, and Evans next made excavations in Williamsburg and Brownville. In the course of his searches he made a small opening on the Willard place, a little west of what is now the Merrill quarry, but this was also pronounced unsatisfactory. Finally they located and opened in 1846 the pit now owned by the Merrill Brownville Slate Company.

Many Welshmen were, of course, attracted to this little corner of the world, by the activity in the slate line, some coming from Vermont and New York states others from across the seas. Most of those from the old country came from Bethesda

famous Peurhyn quarry, employing about four thousand people.

In the year 1843 a pit was opened and operations begun on what is part of the now called Crocker quarry, by two Welshmen, Owen Morris and William Hughes. They very soon sold their interest to Mr. Samuel Crocker. Mr. Crocker operated it for a few years and then sold to the Bangor & Piscataquis Slate Company, with Mr. Sparrow as superintendent. This was successfully operated until the panic of 1873 when it was shut down. Later it was sold to Norcross Bros., of Worcester, Mass., the present owners. They started it up with Mr. J. C. Tripp as superintendent, and continued about two years under his management. It was again closed for a few months after which work was resumed under the direction of Mr. Edward E. Williams, one of the first Welsh settlers. This quarry continued active until about ten years ago, since which time it has remained idle.

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All advertising matter should be left with E. H. Gould.

After the sale of the Crocker quarry by Mr. William Hughes, he acquired possession of the Merrill quarry, but having insufficient capital to work it successfully, he sold one-fourth interest to Mr. Adams H. Merrill. A little later he sold another fourth interest, making them equal partners. Later still he sold his half to Dea Wilbur of Boston, "the big slate importer," who, in turn, disposed of his holdings to Mr. Merrill, making Mr. Merrill sole owner of the quarry.

This quarry has been in successful operation up to within a few months, and that success has been in part due to the faithfulness and skill of the old Welsh employees, among whom, of the old time force, may be mentioned Mesach Jones, (who was for many years superintendent); Robert Roberts, Evan Hughes and William Williams. These and many others will be remembered by our older inhabitants.

In the earlier days it had been the custom to close the quarries Saturdays at four P. M., to prepare for Sunday, the Welsh adhering to their old country religious customs for the observance of the Sabbath. About the year 1858, they made a stand for the entire day Saturday as they were accustomed to have in Wales; but the demand only resulted in their working the entire day from then on.

With all our rich resources, in slate deposits lying idle, and our workers seeking other fields of activity, the present day is deplorably quiet in our little town; but the near future can hardly fail to bring a new and imperative demand for our hidden wealth.

LAND OF MY FATHERS.

MR. EVAN JAMES, Pontypridd.

Oh, land of my fathers, the land of the free,

The home of the "Telyn"* so soothing to me,

Thy noble defenders were gallant and brave,

For freedom their heart's life they gave.

Chorus.

Wales, Wales, home sweet home is Wales.

Till death be past

Thy love shall last.

My longing, my yearning for Wales.

Thou Eden of bards and birthplace of song,
The sons of thy mountains are valiant and strong,

The voice of thy streamlets is soft to the

ear,
Thy hills and thy valleys how dear!

Tho' slighted and scorned by the proud and they strong,

The language of Cambria still charms us in song,

The "Awen"§ survives, nor have envious tales

Yet silenced the harp of dear Wales.

*Harp. §Muse.

This English translation of an old Welsh song is familiar to many of our community. It used to be a favorite among both Welsh and American families, in the earlier days of the Welsh colonization here.

SOLDIERS OF THE CIVIL WAR.

In preparing these lists of soldiers of the Civil War, the writer is impressed with the extreme youth of many of the enlisting soldiers. Young men from fifteen to twenty were present in great numbers. And on many a stone marking the soldier's grave may be read an inscription similar to this:
Fell in battle at Petersburg, June, 1864
Aet 17.

Only seventeen! And his schoolroom was the battlefield, his lesson, loyalty even to death.

What this must have meant to the individual and to the nation, in waste of life and life's opportunities—this loss of mental and manual development, these broken homes, this retardation of progress in the arts of peace—cannot be estimated. At this so great price, the nation was redeemed to peace and unity.

But the recorded achievements of these broken lives are very meager. We get only a passing glimpse of their deeds. If a statement of each one's service could be secured, we should feel it a privilege to enroll it here, within sight of every citizen of this town, to keep in memory the price paid for the nation, and the patriotism and valor of the nation's sons.

John Howard, Co. K, 11th Me., Vols. Sergt. Served in Artillery on Morris Id, S. C.

John McNaughton, Co. H, 11th Regt., Me. Vols. Died in the service.

Isaac Sewall Rogers, Co. B, 11th Me. Discharged for disability, June 10, 1863.

Albert Rankin, Co. H, 11th Me. Sergt. Served through entire war.

Elbridge Rider, Co. B, 20th Me. Died in 1865 as a result of illness incurred in the service.

John Mills Rider, Co. B, 20th Me. Died in the service.

Henry C. Sanders, Co. B, 20th Me. After serving time out, re-enlisted elsewhere. Severely wounded.

Geo. M. Smith, Co. A, 6th Regt. Me. Vols. After serving time out, re-enlisted in 9th Me. Severely wounded at Fredericksburg.

Chas. K. Stowell, Co. I, 2nd Me. Cav. Died at New Orleans, La.

John Willard, Co. E, 1st Me. Heavy Artil-

was in the service.
Benj. Stanchfield, Co. E, 22nd Me. Re-
enlisted in 31st Me. Killed before Peters-
burg.

CASTLES IN AIR.

I am sitting alone in the twilight
Of the fast-coming evening of life,
And my heart goes back with yearning
To the broken hopes and strife,
That follow our pathway thither
Toward that everlasting life.

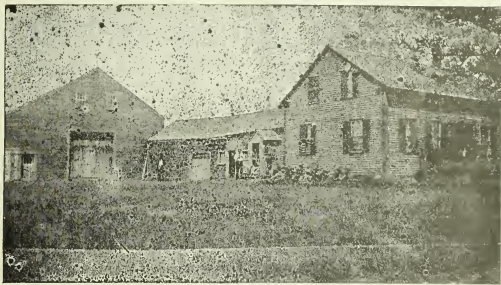
Oh, the castles in air I have builded,
Castles so bonny and bright!
But ah! where they once were so gilded,
All now is the blackness of night;
Castles that Fancy was wearing
Like so many garlands fair,
And the brightest and best of my visions
Were Future and Manhood there.

The never-ending woe
That thrills our hearts to bursting
When they are called to go!

But those are broken castles—
They faded, day by day,
Until in the dust I saw them
All crumbled into clay.
I have learned since then that the beauty
And the joy of this world are but dross,
And the pathway to fame and glory
Is the simple way of the Cross:

That the eager sought for riches
Will quickly pass away;
That they will ne'er uphold me
Against the one great day.
So I've lain my treasure up higher
Where moth and rust cannot come,
Where none can e'er molest them,
They are safe in the upper home.

All the beautiful ones so beloved
Who have passed this fleeting shore.



The William Tufts House.

I dreamed that fame would follow
In the beautiful future afar,
And hope was as fresh as the morning,
As bright as the evening star.
I thought that over life's pathway
The brightest clouds would sail
With never a glimpse of the darkness,
Or tempest, or stormy gale.

That the pathway would ever brighten
As I neared life's journey's close
That the starlight of love would gleam
Brightly,
Of safety, and sure repose.
I sought for those earthly riches
That I thought would mine become,
Ne'er heeding the call: "Lay thy treasure
Where moth and rust cannot come."

I thought the friends so beloved
With me forever would stay,
And together we'd walk in the gloaming
The beautiful upward way,
O cruel, cruel parting!

Are waiting for my coming,
Have only gone before;
And to them I'm shortly going,
To my dear, eternal rest.
Oh, the happy, heartfelt yearning
To be forever blest!

And I know that He'll receive me
To his everlasting breast,
For He says: "Ye heavy-laden,
Come unto to Me and rest."
So the beautiful friends so beloved,
(The snow-white angels fair)
And the love of Christ my Shepherd
Are my castles in the air.

—Linnie L. Pratt.

THE FIRST PLANTATION MEETING —Copied from Vol. 1 of Records

Francis Brown, Esquire, one of the principal inhabitants of the plantation of Brownville, in the county of Penobscot—In

the name of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and by virtue of a precept from John Wilkin, Esquire, treasurer of the county of Pendocot, you are hereby required to notify and warn the inhabitants of said plantation being freeholders, to meet at the schoolhouse near the mills in said plantation, on Tuesday, the twenty-ninth day of June, instant, at two o'clock in the afternoon, in order to choose a moderator, clerk, assessors and collector, for the purpose of assessing, collecting, and paying said plantation's proportion of the county tax, by the Circuit Court of Common Pleas, with the Session Justices thereof for the county of Pendocot, assessed on the several towns and plantations in said county on the third Monday of May last.

And you are also required to make due return of this warrant, with your doings thereon and the doings of the said plantation in consequence thereof, to myself on the sixth day of July.

Given under my hand and seal, this twelfth day of June, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and nineteen.

MOSES GREENLEAF,
Justice of the Peace.

Pursuant to the within warrant, I have notified the inhabitant of said plantation, being freeholders, to meet at the time and place and for the purposes within mentioned.

FRANCIS BROWN,

The inhabitants pursuant to notice assembled and elected
James Rankin, moderator.
Francis Brown, clerk, sworn by Moses Greenleaf, Esq.
Francis Brown, John Ford, Jothan Rider, assessors, sworn by the clerk.
Eli Hamblet, collector.

Adjourned the meeting without day.

Attest: FRANCIS BROWN,
Clerk of the Plantation.

PLANTATION MEETINGS OF 1820.

The plantation meetings of the year 1820 were five in number, and all were held "at the house of Mr. John Whidden near the Mills."

At the first of these a treasurer, a constable, highway surveyors, and a surveyor of lumber were elected, in addition to the offices of the preceding year; and, in connection with these, appear the names of Isaac Mayo, Allen Mayo and Simon Brown, besides those heretofore mentioned.

After the election of officers, two articles remained to be voted upon; by the first, the sum of \$200 was appropriated for making and repairing highways; by the second, \$100 for plantation expenses. This meeting occurred Apr. 3, 1820, at ten o'clock, A. M.

At three P. M. of the same day, the voters met again to vote for State officials. Twenty-four votes were cast for Hon. Wm. King, for governor, and two votes for Levi Morrell. Only ten votes were recorded for

senatorial candidates, but the contest for representative was more animated; twenty-eight votes being cast, eleven for Wm. R. Lowney, and seventeen for Jason Hassel.

Evidently the election of representative was defective or unusual in some way, for on Apr. 23, they were again summoned to vote for representative; and this time the Brownville vote stood nine to nine.

On May 27 another meeting was called,— "to see what sum of money the plantation will raise to support schools, to choose a committee to divide the plantation into highway and school districts, to choose a committee to lay out highways and report at next meeting, to choose a school committee."

"The inhabitants met * * * and elected John Willard moderator, voted to raise the sum of \$75 for the support of schools.

"Elected John Willard, Isaiah Rider, Allen Mayo, road committee.

"Elected Jesse Rogers, John Whidden, Silas Howard, school committee, first district. John Willard, James Rankin, Jona. Marble, second district. Levi Page, Samuel Gould, Isaiah Rider, third district.

"Elected James Rankin, Jesse Rogers, Isaac Mayo, Levi Page, Eli Hamblet, committee to divide the plantation into highway and school districts."

The meeting was then adjourned to the third Monday in June when the report on highways was to be given.

COPY OF STATEMENT SUPPOSED TO BE IN THE HANDWRITING OF E. A. JENKS.

In the report of the committee for the sale of Eastern lands belonging to the State of Massachusetts, I learn that Township No. 5, Range 8, north of Waldo Patent, now Brownville, was originally surveyed by Samuel Weston in 1793 or 1794; that the committee bargained the township to Samuel Fowler, (Mar. 2, 1795), for the sum of £203, 1s and 7d, and condition to settle 40 families in eight years. Of the above sum he paid £261.

I learn from Park Holland's minutes of survey that in June, 1803, he lotted the town in lots one mile by one-half mile for Joseph Blake, Esq., making 72 lots. These lots were equally divided in three lots and afterward lots were sold according to said survey. Holland's survey made the township six miles square. I also learn that in 1805 Holland explored the town which he then calls Blakestown.

The town in 1806 was owned by Moses Brown and Josiah Hills of Newbury, Mass. Brown, who worked on the dam in July. They built the first mill in 1806, as I learned from Francis Brown, a nephew of Moses 1806.

Oct. 20, 1808, Josiah Hills deeded to Moses Brown all his lots in said town except 100 acres middle of lots No. 6, then settled upon by William Bradford and Lemuel Crockett; also 50 acres of said lot, by Samuel Stickney, lying north of Brad-

ford and Crockett; and lots No. 21, 22, 33, 34; and that part of lot 47 lying east of Pleasant river; 100 acres south of center of lot 24, Peter Perham and W. Perham; and 100 acres to Isaac Jones in center of lot No. 45.

Josiah Hills moved to Brownville with his family.

In 1809, Dec. 16, he, as agent for Moses Brown, conveyed to Hezekiah May 100 acres of land on the west side of the river near the mill. July 14, 1814, Mr. May reconveyed it to Mr. Brown. About that time Francis Brown, (who moved to this town Feb., 1812), moved on this place and continued there till his death, June 10, 1854.

His son, Francis W. Brown, who was born in this town, Oct. 15, 1813, is now (1874) living on the place. It was devised to him by his father, and devised to his father by Moses Brown.

As near as I can learn, Josiah Hills moved to this town about the first of the year 1806, as the mills were built at that time. That he was here as agent in 1809, I learned by an account Isaac Wilkins had against him; that he rafted boards at the mill Apr. 2, 1808; that he attended him in his sickness from Aug. 24 to Nov. 30, 1810, when I presume he died, as Mr. Wilkins was appointed administrator of his estate, March, 1811. Mr. Hill's family, consisting of three sons and two daughters lived here some years after his death. His wife died here some years after and their son, Luther, moved to Bangor with the girls. The remains of Mr. Hills and wife were removed to Bangor about that time.

Many of the first settlers of this town came from Newbury and that vicinity. Among them

Dr. Isaac Wilkins,
Samuel Stickney,
Eli Hamblet,
John Jones,
Lemuel Crockett,
Wm. Bradford,
Rev. Hezekiah May,
John Ford,
John Calkin,
Jonathan Rider.

THE LOTTING OF BROWNVILLE.

Supposedly by E. A. JENKS.

The Township No. 5, Range 8, north of Waldo Patent, was surveyed and lotted out by Park Holland in June, 1803, for Jos. Blake, Esq. The men employed to assist in the survey were Benj. Marshall, Elisha Rowe, Oliver Eddy, Jno. Whiting and Jno. Phillips. They commenced lotting at the southwest corner of the town, and run the lots one mile north and south, by one-half mile east and west, and made the corner of the lots on trees. After laying out the lots one mile by one-half mile, they were divided into three lots each by a line running east and west, of 106 2-3 rods in width; and in giving deeds of said lots they are described as lots in the second division of lots; and some are according to B. Mar-

shall, and others according to P. Holland's survey. They are numbered in each range of lots commencing at No. 1, on the south line of the town, and numbered northward. The southwest corner lot of one mile by one-half mile as surveyed by P. Holland, was numbered 12 by him. It was supposed then that the township was six miles square and the numbering of the lots to commence at the southeast corner, but on a resurvey of the town line in 1820 by Andrew Strong, the town was found to be only five miles and 162 rods from the west to the east line, and seven miles and 140 rods from the south to the north line.

In 1809 Moses Brown deeded to Isaac Wilkins the south lots of original lots No. 11 and 12, about 100 rods wide, to land sold J. Noyes. (See Hancock Registry book). At the decease of Mr. Wilkins, his son, George, had the land, and deeded the east part of it to Bray Wilkins, and he deeded it to Wilkins Brown, and Brown deeded it to J. W. Harris and John Foss and John Gould. John Foss deeded his to Isaac Hanscomb.

In 1809, Dec. 16, Moses Brown, by his attorney, Josiah Hills, deeded to Hezekiah May, the north part on the west side of Pleasant river of lot No. 2, in the first north and south range of lots, and the north part of lot No. 2 in the second north and south range of lots, according to the second division of lots in said township, as surveyed by Park Holland, Esq., which said lots are the middle lots of lots No. 11 and 12, in the first east and west range of lots in said township according to the first division of lots in said township, with the reservation of so much of two acres of land for a mill privilege, which is included in said lot. In 1814, July 14, H. May quit claimed to M. Brown the above described premises. The deed Brown to May has not been recorded. Oct. 22, 1824, Moses Brown devised to Francis Brown the land deeded by Hezekiah May to him and which is described as being the same May quitclaimed to him.

WOMEN'S WORK IN THE PAST.

By ONE OF THE WORKERS.

Hearing the remark that 'they must have liked to work,' in speaking of the old-time Benevolent Society, brought vividly to mind the great contrast between the conditions of pioneer life, eighty or ninety years ago, and those of today.

At that time, the sewing machine not having been invented, all sewing was done by hand, from the stitching of fine shirt bosoms, collars, and cuffs, to the cutting and making of men's suits and women's dresses, the cloth for which was also manufactured by hand. In summer the girls' dresses were of linen, in winter of woollen homespun. And in many cases the thread also was spun at home, and dyed for use.

Not only was the wardrobe of the family—which was usually a large one—manufactured by the diligent hands of the household, but many yards of cloth found their

10
way to the *Bazaar*, since it was necessary in all practicable ways to eke out the family income.

In those days the loom, spinning wheel, swifts, quill wheel, warping bars, flax break, flax comb, and other like implements, occupied a prominent place in the household furnishings. We were ~~once told~~ by the son of an old neighbor that his mother, on hearing that he could have a job in the woods the next day, set to work at once to make him some trousers. She carded the wool into rolls, spun the rolls into yarn, wove the yarn into cloth, and cut and made the garments ready for him to wear the next morning.

In those old days we had no washboards, washing machines, or wringers, the scrubbing and wringing of the clothes being done entirely with the hands. And instead of buying soap in packages ready for use, we had that also to make.

The making of soft soap required skill and labor, taking about twenty pails of water to a barrel of ashes before the result could be seen in the running lye. And then there was the boiling with fat, the amount to be regulated by the "judgement."

Dairy work also was done without the modern appliances. Milk pans were used instead of separators, and the old up-and-down churn prevailed. The housewife stood lifting the dasher up and down, up and down, perhaps relieving the monotony and amusing the children by the old chant,

Churn, butter, churn,
Come, butter, come,

Peter's standing at the gate,
Waiting for a butter cake.

The long winter evenings were usually spent in knitting, drying apples and pumpkins, making sausage, and the like work, by the glowing light of the old fireplace, with a tallow candle or two which were also home-made. These occupations were often interspersed with the singing of quaint old fireside hymns and with evening visits from neighbors, old and young,—which were frequently enlivened by spelling matches, debates, etc., closing with such refreshments as were obtainable.

After one of these gatherings, on the way home, a mother confided to her neighbor her depression at the thought of going home to her own family who, in contrast to the abundance of which she had partaken, had nothing to eat but the seed-ends of potatoes. Potatoes were then too scarce to plant the entire tuber. So the seed-end was cut off for planting, while the tuber itself was used for food. But this mother had exhausted her store of potatoes, and the family were subsisting on the seed-ends left from planting.

Another woman burned white ash wood, to get the ashes for use as soda,—such was the difficulty of procuring the ordinary commodities of life.

The following extract from a letter written in 1846, portrays some of the then existing conditions in humorous fashion: The "glorious Fourth" was a high day at Sebec.

All the Liberty folks in the county assembled in that beautiful grove at Sebec Centre—there were more than five hundred present. The forenoon was spent in listening to speeches and addresses, by Mr. Willey and others, and the afternoon in enjoying a picnic got up in grand style by Mrs. Shepherd, (who was the presiding goddess), assisted by Mrs. Squire Lowney and a host of other sheables. The whole was a grand affair, and gave unbounded satisfaction to the community.

About a fortnight since, your dear friend — came up to spend a few days here. As in duty bound, we thought we must give her a party, and at it we went, hammer and tongs. Cards of invitation were sent far and near for the nobility to assemble at our house at 7 1-2 o'clock precisely. This, to be sure, was rather early for a fashionable hour, but we were afraid that if we named a later one, they would have to stay all night!

We went to work about 6 o'clock to arrange the table, secundem artem, and I assure you it was a sight to behold! In the center rose a very superb bouquet of indigenous flowers,—on the outside were alternate red and white roses, then came the gaily ladies delight, with the splendid dandelion and golden buttercup, then red and white clover heads, the whole crowned with a prince's feather, a sweet william, and a gorgeous amaranthus,—that is to say, a great sunflower!

I will not attempt a complete description of the choice viands displayed to view on this memorable occasion—bread, both brown and "boughten," butter, doughnuts, strawberry pies, custard baked in saucers, salt fish cut up in square junks, cold boiled pork, and pickled cabbage!

For drink, as we had no lemons, we found an excellent substitute in vinegar and water well sweetened with molasses—so much for our treat.

Our guests arrived precisely at the time appointed, "by Shrewsbury clock."—And the letter proceeds to name the guests some of whom came even from Atkinson, then passes to more personal matters.

Such were the old days, the foundation upon which the Present is builded.

ITEMS.

Four volumes of boys' books from the library of the late Charles Berry were recently sent to the Reading Room by Mr. Matthew Berry.

The poem by Linnie L. Pratt, which appears elsewhere in these columns, was written during her schooldays, and will be recognized by many of her friends. We give the signature which she used at the time it was written, since we all knew her best by that name.

The decease of Mrs. Hattie Carle Crosby occurred at her home in Hampden, Me., June 24, 1911.

Mrs. Crosby was born in Brownville, the daughter of Andrew and Linnie (Cal-

kins) Carle, and received her education in the public schools of this town. She was married to Edgar H. Crosby, also of Brownville, whose tragic death occurred thirteen years ago. She leaves a daughter still in normal school, and a son about to enter college this fall.

The interment took place in the Brownville cemetery.

Two pupils each were graduated from the High schools of Brownville Junction and Brownville this June, the Misses Dora and Edna Decker from the former, and Ethel Lloyd and Ethel Pratt from the latter. The exercises in this village were augmented by a lecture on Mexico, given by Prof. Tubbs of Bates College.

Echoes of the lecture given at Bangor, June 11th, by Clinton Howard of Syracuse, N. Y., have reached us even in Brownville. One who heard the speaker recounts his vividly drawn contrasts between Prohibitory and Model License laws, contrasts substantiated in every case by facts and statistics carefully proven. The lecturer also stated that since the adoption of Prohibition in Maine, in every strictly moral issue brought before Congress, Maine has invariably "gone solid" for the right. This fact speaks for itself.

A new barn has been built on the Gould farm to replace the one destroyed by lightning five years ago.

Among the real estate conveyances of the past month our attention is called to that whereby the Old Stevens' Place, so called, of North Brownville, becomes the property of Mrs. Marguerite (Arbo) Livingstone, whose residence was burned last winter.

The University of Maine farming special arrived in this place, June 23, remaining about three hours. It was of much interest and great value to the people of this community. The exhibits were of high grade dairy cows and heifers, poultry, and sheep; also of the various grasses and grains suited to Maine soil and climate. In each department were models of the best apparatus for that department.

Following the inspection of the various exhibits, which were in charge of competent instructors, lectures were given which proved one of the most helpful features. Those who were permitted to see and hear what is being done by the university, felt more than repaid for the time and effort spent in coming to the train.

SCHOOL DAYS.

Who will recall for us the exhibitions, lyceums, and spelling-matches held in the little old school-houses scattered about through the town? Every district has its own tales and traditions of those days when the school-house served as the meeting-place of the neighborhood.

In the Williamsburg school-house, thirty to forty years ago, the first day of school and the last, were lifted above monotony. On the first day, besides the excitement of

choosing seats, appraising the new teacher, and, possibly, the new scholar, it was not unusual for the children to be sent to the grove to gather cedar for a broom, in order that the remnant of last term's waste material might be removed. And these errands to the cool, sweet grove were altogether delightful.

Frequently the winter terms were taught by young men working toward an education or other advancement,—who left the impress of their personality upon the school.

One enterprising master put every scholar, regardless of age or ability, into the same geography class, ranging them according to height, by a sort of automatic roll call, the master calling No. 1, No. 1 calling No. 2, and so on.

Then question and answer followed in quick succession, the class reciting in unison, thus:

Teacher—What is the name of this class?

Class—Practical Geography Class.

T—What is geography?

C—A description of the earth's surface.

T—What is the earth?

C—The planet on which we live.

T—What is a planet?

C—A celestial body revolving around the sun.

After leading the class by logical steps through the study of the size, shape, and formation of the earth, and its grand divisions of land and water, to the study of their own section of the United States, the master propounded this question:

Describe the climate of New England.

And the class chanted in reply,

"New England hath a climate cold,
A rugged soil and mountains bold;
And yet her hills are tilled with care,
Her villages are bright and fair;
The church-spire decks every scene,
The school-house every village green;
While busy factories ply the wheel,
And commerce speeds her adventurous keel.

The fisherman defies the gale,
The bold harpooner strikes the whale.

The hunter roams the forest track,
And each his gathered spoil brings back
To Yankee Land, his native home.
Blest with his spoils, no more to roam."

Then the names of the states and their capitals were called for and given, each answer being twice repeated, thus:

Maine, Augusta; Maine, Augusta; New Hampshire, Concord; New Hampshire, Concord, etc.

After this came the boundaries of the states in rhyme, as,

"Maine's northern bound is Canada,

And on its eastern side,

New Brunswick and the Atlantic Sea,

A boundary have supplied:

That sea appears upon the south,

A boundary wide and great,

While on the west is Canada!

Likewise the Granite State."

But at this stage of progress the scholars

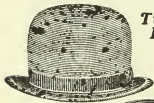
became convinced that they could make their own rhymes, and were thus happily occupied when the term closed.

Another master who had a strong leaning toward dramatic effect, staged the Trial Scene of the Merchant of Venice, at his closing exhibition, working under much the same odds as Shakespeare himself encountered. The stage was extremely limit-

ed, furniture wanting, and all parts taken by young men. The judge's wig was cut from a tanned sheep's-hide; and the flowing garments of the Venetians were supplanted by New England homespun suits. Nevertheless, the memory of that great play still survive in the minds of the wondering youngsters who sat wide-eyed in the audience.

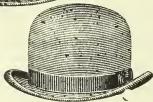
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THE PIONEER

Vol. 1 No. 4

AUGUST 1911

Price Per Year 50 Cents

COPY OF ANDREW STRONG'S SURVEY OF TOWNSHIP LINES, BROWN-VILLE, 1820.

Field Book or Memorandum of the survey and measurements of the outlines of Township No. 5 in the 8th Range, now known by the name of Brownville Plantation, ascertained November 4, 1820, by Andrew Strong.

Remarks respecting the original corners and boundaries of said Township. At the southwest corner of said Township I found the original corner tree which was first marked when said town was located. This tree was cut down but I found some of the marks on it and knew it to be the true corner, as I had begun the place some years previous when the corner tree was standing.

The northwest corner of said Township



The Square twenty years ago showing Briggs' Hall and the buildings which preceded "Eriggs' Block"

Township No. 5 in the 8th Range, bounded as follows: Beginning at the northeast corner of Sebec and the southeast corner of the town of Williamsburgh, said corner was formerly a hemlock tree which is now cut down and lying in a lumber path, there is now a cedar stake set up where the corner tree formerly stood, and marked as follows: T 3 T 4 T 5 T 6 R 7 R 8; thence north one degree east seven miles one hundred forty rods to a small poplar tree with a heap of stones about it and marked as follows: T N 5 T N 6 R 7 R 8; thence south eighty-eight degrees and three-fourths of a degree east five miles and one hundred sixty-two rods to a cedar stake and large heap of stones about it marked as follows: T 4 T 5 R 8 R 9 c; thence south one degree west seven miles and one hundred forty rods to a cedar stake with stones about it marked as follows: T 2 T 3 T 4 T 5 R 7 R 8 o; thence north eighty-eight degrees and three-fourths of a degree west five miles and one hundred seventy rods to the boundary first begun at, containing twenty-six thousand two hundred and sixty-nine acres and forty rods of land and water.

is in open burnt land, the old growth all down and mostly decayed and not any signs of the original corner to be found, but I am positive that I have set up a new corner where the old one formerly stood, by tracing the old north and south, and east and west lines of said Township, which I found plainly spotted within one hundred rods of where I intersected and set up a new corner.

The northeast corner of said town is likewise in level open burnt land, the old growth all down and mostly decayed, no signs of the old corner to be found. I found the old north line of said Township plainly spotted in old-standing growth about one-half mile west of where I set up a new corner; then went south about one-half mile and found the east line of said Township plainly spotted in old-standing growth, traced it north and intersected where I set up a new corner.

The southwest corner of said Township I found to be a stake with stones about it, the old corner tree is fallen down; did not find the original marks, but found the old north and south line, and east and west

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On sale at Chase's Drug Store, 5 cents per copy.

For subscription apply to Mrs. Annie Davis.

All advertising matter should be left with E. A. Gould.

line pass the corner, and round the lines to intersect where the corner stake is set up, and I am satisfied that all the corners of said Township are now set up at the same places where the old corners formerly stood, or within a very short distance of the same.

A description of the quality of the land on the corners of said Township, beginning at the S. W. corner of said town, then N. 1st mile.

1st mile.

50 rods spruce and cedar growth, 2nd quality soil.

100 rods beech, birch and hemlock, some mixed with hemlock, good soil.

80 rods hardwood, spruce and hemlock, 2nd quality soil.

80 rods cleared land, 1st quality soil.

Marked the first mile on a stake.

2nd mile.

270 rods nearly all cleared land, 1st quality soil.

50 rods mostly hardwood growth, some spruce, 2nd quality soil.

The two-mile tree a yellow birch.

3rd mile.

80 rods mixed growth of hardwood, hemlock and spruce, 2nd quality soil.

50 rods spruce and cedar, swampy.

100 rods hemlock, spruce and hardwood, some hurricane, 2nd quality soil, to a large beech.

4th mile.

320 rods mostly beech, birch and rock maple growth, some mixed with large hemlock, the most of the distance 1st quality soil, to the 4-mile tree, a beech.

5th mile.

50 rods mixed growth, 2nd quality soil.

30 rods spruce and cedar, hurricane, and swamp, 2nd quality soil.

40 rods hardwood, good soil.

160 rods spruce, cedar and hemlock growth, swampy, low land.

40 rods hardwood and hemlock, 2nd quality soil, to the 5-mile tree, a hemlock.

6th mile.

180 rods hardwood, spruce and hemlock growth, 2nd quality soil, to the west branch of Pleasant River, a handsome river about 10 rods wide; marked a rock maple on the south bank of the river T L 1820 o.

10 rods water,

40 rods first-rate high intervalle,

84 rods burnt, rocky land, all cleared, 2nd quality soil, to the 6-mile tree, a cedar.

7th mile.

35 rods spruce and cedar, swampy,

185 rods rocky, burnt land, all cleared by

the fire, 2nd quality soil,

100 rods good soil, all burnt, and scarcely a green bush, marked a stake M 7,

continued the west line of said Township from the 7-mile stake,

100 rods mostly burnt land, some old growth in swampy places, 2nd quality soil.

40 rods good soil, burnt land, young growth of rock maple, birch, white ash and poplar, to the N. W. corner of said town, the whole distance 7 miles, 100 rods marked a poplar as before described.

A description of the north line of said Township, run east from the N. W. corner.

280 rods good soil, burnt land, young growth of poplar, birch and maple, then from stream, to the middle branch of Pleasant River a large, handsome brook.

40 rods good low soil, 1st quality grass-land, to the 1st mile, marked a stake in the edge of the burnt land.

2nd mile.

158 rods level burnt land, no bushes, all cleared, but some scattering logs, to the east branch of Pleasant River, 2nd quality soil.

8 rods across the river.

154 rods dry, strong, burnt land, 2nd quality soil, to the 2-mile tree, a small poplar.

3rd mile.

142 rods level burnt land, 2nd quality soil, stony, to large boggy brook.

178 rods burnt land, 2nd quality soil, young growth poplar, birch and maple, to the 3-mile tree, a small poplar.

4th mile.

160 rods level burnt land, 2nd quality soil.

160 rods over a handsome small burnt land young growth of hardwood, 1st quality soil, to the 4-mile tree, a small maple.

5th mile.

38 rods burnt land, 2nd quality soil, to a large pond.

20 rods water, across the south side of the pond.

82 rods level stony land, mostly burnt, 2nd quality soil, to the 5-mile tree, a small poplar.

162 rods some swampy and old growth, mostly burnt level land, 2nd quality soil, to the N. E. corner of said Township, cornered by a stake and heap of stones as before described.

East line of said Township run S. 1° west from the N. E. corner:

160 rods level burnt land, 2nd quality soil; came to a piece of spruce and cedar swamp, the old growth standing, joined the old town line plainly spotted; did not run the east line any further on the north side of Schoodic Lake.

A description of the south line of said Township run 88° 45' east from the S. W. corner of said town:

1st mile.

20 rods hurricane spruce and hemlock, poor land,

300 rods, mostly hardwood growth, a good

soil, cleared in part; to the 1-mile tree, a beech; crossed the county road 200 rods east of the corner.

2nd mile.

230 rods mostly, hardwood growth, some stony in places, generally moist land but good soil, to Pleasant River,

13 rods across the river,

77 rods mostly beech and maple growth, 1st quality soil, 2-mile not marked.

3rd mile.

100 rods 1st quality soil, mostly hardwood growth,

120 rods part cleared, good land, hardwood growth,

45 rods moist stony land, 2nd quality,

55 rods cleared land, moist, 2nd quality soil, to the 3-mile mark on a stake.

4th mile.

240 rods 1st rate land, beech, maple and some hemlock growth,

30 rods cedar and hemlock, small,

50 rods hardwood and hemlock growth, 1st quality soil, to the 4-mile tree, a small cedar.

5th mile.

120 rods hardwood and large hemlock, 1st quality soil.

40 rods mostly hardwood growth, good soil, to 1-mile tree, a beech; then

200 rods beech, maple and some large hemlock growth, good soil,

40 rods steep north cant, mixed growth, 2nd quality soil, to the shore of the Lake.

GENERAL REMARKS.

The north part of this town is burnt land, a piece at the north end averaging nearly two miles north and south, and extending east and west across the town. The old growth of wood had been blown down by a strong and mighty wind. The fire run over it in the most part several times, so that the ground is nearly cleared. Saving the old logs, which in many places is mostly decayed and gone, the old growth was generally a mixed kind of rock maple, beech, birch, hemlock, spruce, and pine; in some parts there was a great quantity of pine timber, and scattering ones are now standing which are dead, and many of them lying on the ground which are of some value to make boards and other lumber for common use.

The most of the burnt land is good soil, and would make good farming lands, would



The "Arnold Place" originally owned by Mrs. Eliot Powers, in 1823

20 rods mostly hardwood, moist land,

30 rods cedar and spruce swamp, to a large brook,

100 rods dry flat land, mixed growth, 2nd quality soil,

50 rods cedar and spruce swamp, 3rd quality soil, to the 5-mile tree, a small cedar; then

20 rods cedar swamp,

150 rods hardwood, spruce and hemlock growth, some hurricane, some good sapling pine, to the S. E. corner of said town; corner, a stake and stones as before described.

East line of said Township north from the S. E. corner to the south shore of Schoodic Lake:

1st mile.

140 rods rough hurricane land, spruce, cedar and hemlock growth, 3rd quality soil,

60 rods cedar and spruce swamp,

80 rods high swampy ridge, cedar, spruce and some pine,

be very easily cleared; but a difficulty would remain for a number of years on account of firewood, unless the fire could be prevented from running over the ground.

In many places there is a young growth of handsome hardwood growing up, which is generally where the soil is best, and would soon be large enough for firewood or timber if the fire should not destroy it.

In the middle part of the burnt land, there is a large bog and swamp, perhaps four or five hundred acres. The remaining part is generally very good land for settlement.

THE EBEEME MOUNTAINS.

LORING'S HISTORY OF PISCATAQUIS COUNTY

The Ebeeme Mountains . . . stand out in two distinct ranges. The eastern range runs nearly north and south, and the two highest peaks are known as Horseback and Spruceback. Westward of this, another range stretches off, two of its peaks being

called Chastack and Ore Mountain. Quite a depression, called the Gully, separates Ore Mountain and Horseback Mountain, within which a small lake holds its life.

In the distance, northwest of these ranges, Karalulu and Sittwahulu are to be seen.

THE MO'NYAUNS.

When the light of the setting sun
Travels the mountains one by one

With tender, rosy glow,
Softly it leans over each lone peak,
As if some hidden charm to seek
In the dim crags below.

In soft, emptying vapors dress,
Karalulu proudly rears its crest,
With shimmering fairs descend,
I watch the deepening shadows creep
Into the crevices, to sleep
Till morning's fragrant dawn.

And when the first gray glimmering light
Emerging from the realm of night,
Heralds the coming day,
The mist-blue slowly enshrouds
Their lifted peaks with vaporous clouds,
That lingered long away.

I know not which the latter seems
More's waking hour, or twilight gleams
And drowsy murmurings,
But this I know—When far away,
My yearning heart oft turns that way,
On memory's fiftal wing.

THE TOWN MEETING IN THE BRIDGE.

—ARSA E. RYDER.

Should you ask me whence these stories,
Whence these legends and traditions
Of a time long past and ended,
Of the days which are departed,
I should point you to the old men,
I should answer, I should tell you,
"When the evening lamp is lighted,
When the firelight gleams and flickers,
In the arm-chair by the hearthside,
Or, around the grocery fire,
Sitting on the stools and barrels,
When the north wind moans and whistles,
Then they love to tell the legends
Of the days long since departed,
Of the days when they were young men,
And 'tis thence has come this story
In the history of Brownville.
It was when the town had flourished,
When strong men had come to live here,
They had builded there a schoolhouse
On the hilltop of the village.
There on week days came the children,
Came the girls and boys together,
Learned their lessons from the schoolbooks,
Learned, too, other life-long lessons,
As the children now are learning,
Then when came the Sabbath quiet,
When they sought a place to worship,
Came the people of the village,
Came the people from the outskirts

And the farms in all directions
To the schoolhouse on the hilltop,
And there offered their devotions.
Once a year official business
Of the town must be transacted,
And again the schoolhouse offered
A convenient place of meeting;
Thus its varied uses marking
This one building as important.
Come a year when those in office,
They, the chief men of the village,
Said, "The town has been divided,
Has been parted into districts,
Each of these must build a schoolhouse,
And the one here in the village
We will use no more for business,
Will not there hold our town-meetings."
But the other men who heard it,
Who had helped to build the schoolhouse,
Were not pleased with this decision,
With this plan were not well suited.
When the day came for town-meeting,
For the gathering of the voters,
The rain also came upon them,
Came the drops as thickly falling
As they rush when the deep thunder
Rolls and crashes in the heavens,
And the lightning flash illumines
All the earth with sudden glory.
Through the rain there came together
Men from all parts of the township,
Save they to the village tavern,
To the meeting-place appointed,
But the place was not sufficient,
Was not large enough to hold them,
All outside the crowd extended,
Filled the street before the tavern,
While the rain came down upon them.
Something must be done to furnish
For them all a place of shelter,
To protect them from the down-pour,
There must be a roof above them.
One place only was sufficient
In its size to hold the people,
The long bridge across the river
With its strong roof built above it,
This would give a place of shelter,
This would cover all the voters.
In the bridge they placed a table,
Chairs they put for those in office,
And when all were come together,
There the officers were chosen,
There the business was transacted,
And they showed that, to the people
Was reserved the right to govern;
For they put new men in office,
Men whose will should serve their purpose:
And that day was also taken
A vote to erect a town-house
And the town-house should be builded
At least one mile from the village.
Many who still live in Brownville,
Whose homes are within the township,
Will remember the old town-house,
Standing calmly by the roadside,
Nearly opposite the place known
As the Cheston Davis homestead.
Doubtless many, too, have wondered
Why it ever was erected,
Why so far without the village
Had been built the place of meeting,
Now the mystery is over,

Now we need no longer wonder,
For it showed, the right to govern
Still belongs to all the people.
Ever will they claim their birthright,
Ever will they stand for freedom,
As they did at that town-meeting
When they met to transact business
In the bridge across the river.

The above incident occurred in the year 1845. The records show that the meeting was called "at the Inn of Mr. James Gould," and the vote regarding the town-house is fully given. Mr. Stephen Thomas was one of the young men present at the meeting.

PLANTATION MEETINGS OF 1821.

The plantation meetings of 1821 were held "at Allen Mayo's house near the mills." At the regular meeting, Apr. 10th, the plantation, after electing officers, voted:

To raise \$400 for making and repairing highways;

To raise \$45 for plantation expenses;

To raise \$75 for the support of schools;

To "receive grain for the town taxes at the following prices, viz., wheat at nine shillings the bushel, rye and corn at seven shillings the bushel each;"

To "give twelve and a half cents for each hour's labor of men, and for each hour's labor of oxen, and for each hour's use of carts and plows on the road or highway."

Names of men appearing for the first time on plantation records were Nathaniel Smith and George Wilkins.

On Sept. 3rd another meeting was called to vote for state officials, and votes were cast as follows:

For Governor, Hon. Ezekiel Whitman, 23 votes.

For Senator, Simeon Stetson, Esq., 24 votes.

For Representative, Ichabod Thomas, 24 votes.

Again on Sept. 10th the voters were summoned "to give in their votes for a representative to represent them in the seventeenth Congress of the United States of America,"—with the following results:

For Thomas Cobb, Esq., 25 votes.

The meetings of 1822 were called "at the meeting-house near the Mills"—undoubtedly the schoolhouse was meant, since at that time the schoolhouse served both purposes.

At the regular meeting, Apr. 15, some innovations appear. It was voted to give 6% for collecting taxes; and the clerk and treasurer were each allowed \$5.00 per year; also the assessors were given "seven and sixpence per day for their services."

Instead of the school committee of one man for each district, a superintending school committee of three was chosen, with school agents for the several districts.

In September the state elections occurred as usual. And again on Sept. 14th, a meeting was called to vote for representative.

Of thirty-nine votes cast, thirty-eight

were for Francis Brown. Then a curious thing happened. On Nov. 4th another meeting was called for the same purpose, and again the result was 38 to 1 in favor of Francis Brown. On Nov. 10th, yet another meeting was called for the same purpose, and this time the vote was 25 to 1. And on Nov. 27th still another meeting was called for the same purpose. This time the vote was not recorded. Possibly it was unanimous. Otherwise it is difficult to explain the agitation.

AN OPEN LETTER, —TO MR. FRANK SNOW.

Editor Pioneer

In reply to request for something about the early settlement of Brownville will say I am afraid I cannot write anything which will be of much interest to your readers, but I can give you a few facts from memory, with regard to my own family and some of our neighbors at North Brownville.

My grandfather, John Heath, (not Jonathan), was one of the first settlers in Brownville, and got his farm between the rivers in North Brownville from the proprietors free, for being one of the first settlers.

He afterwards traded the farm to my father, Tileston Snow, and lived with his wife, Rachel (Henfield) Heath, at father's place in Atkinson a number of years. His oldest son, Jonathan, settled in Charleston, and the second son, John, settled on the East Ridge in Brownville; Ebenezer Heath on the farm afterwards owned by Sidney Wilkins, and Josiah Heath on the hill where Curtis Billings afterwards lived.

Tileston Snow, with his family, moved from Atkinson to Brownville in the spring of 1833 (judging by my own age, as I know I was about seven years old at the time), and settled on the farm between the rivers.

The farm was at that time, a large part of it, covered with brush and hemlock logs. Father cleared it and farmed it for a number of years, then sold it to me in 1845, and I to Granville Roberts in 1867.

Our neighbors, at the time we moved to Brownville, were Mr. Powers' family, between the rivers. I think the old man's name was Eliot, and he had a son Eliot, and Joseph, and Asa, and Howard, and Joshua. The old gentleman was badly crippled with rheumatism, but he was a worker. He had a little shop adjoining his house, where he manufactured all kinds of household furniture, tables, chairs, bedsteads, trunks, wooden pails and buckets, doors and windows.

I have a small trunk now which Joshua Powers made for me in that shop when we were boys together. I paid him for it in apples, giving him a trunk full of apples for the trunk. I am afraid I owe him something on that trade yet, as I don't believe the peck of apples which he got was sufficient pay for the trunk.

On the west side of the river, Cotton Harper and Hiram Harper lived in the side of one horseback, and Abram Jaquith

to the side of another. On the east side of the river, Thomas Crawford and his brother, John, lived on the place where Richard Roberts afterwards lived, and Mr. Soule crossed the road from them. And Abiel Willard lived back of the Soule place. Then riding down the road were Deacon Marble, Elder Cozzett, Amasa Woodwood and Simon Brown.

These are some of the things I remember about my first years in Brownville.

—R. E. SNOW

With regard to my service in the army I will say a trifling in the fall of 1864 as a recruit for the 7th Mo. Battery, which was stationed at that time in front of Petersburg, and in company with Isaac Marble, George Bland, and Augustus Jordan, went south and joined the battery at Fort Wagner on the extreme tip of our line. Formerly afterwards we were moved back to Fort Sumner (Fort Doby) on the same side of the Charleston Peninsula to the spring of 1865.

The late battle in front of Vicksburg caused us to take to the water, and the next day we crossed the river by pontooning. We returned home in winter. Less than a month after we returned we found our old comrades at CHARLESTON in June, 1865.

As you can see, my military service was not so long as you would suppose it to be. We were there for a few weeks after getting on our feet and saw of the things.

—R. P. S.

CORRECTIONS. ADDITIONS. ETC. FOR JUNE.

The only amendment to our first article should have been to:

Spelling was the original name for the town of Millard, opposite Orlinon. Sunk-bass Stream flows into the Piscataquis River.

The diagram of a fault as we feared it would be. No. 1 never appears in a correct map of Brownville, being in the lake. Neither are the streams correctly placed.

In the list of soldiers' names, David B. Mason should read David B. Nason.

In the first paragraph of Reminiscences, an s should be added to the word daughter.

FOR JULY.

The "William Tufts House," a picture of which was given in the July Pioneer, was built by Mr. Andre Bumps who lived there until 1856 or 1857. He then sold to Ezra Atwood, whose only child, Florence, married William Tufts, who came there to live.

From now on, we shall print a series of verses without signature. These have been written by persons native to Brownville, no two by the same writer.

We regret the unfortunate delay in getting out the June and July numbers of the Pioneer. Hope to do better hereafter.

ITEMS.

The Commercial of July 6 stated that,

during the first week of July, the weather conditions of New England showed the highest temperature ever recorded. The heat increased daily till the Fourth when the official register was 103½ degrees. On that day thirty-one deaths from heat prostration occurred in this section of the country.

Severe thunder storms followed the heat wave. In Brownville village several trees and buildings were struck by lightning. Only one building was burned, a barn on Main Street, owned by Mr. Eben Gerrish.

A number of our townspeople heard the roar of the cyclonic storm which swept the shore of Sebce Lake, July 6.

We quote from the Piscataquis Observer the following:

The Dover municipal court passed out of existence Friday night and Saturday the new Piscataquis municipal court which was created by the last legislature, took its place with Hiram Garrison Esq., of Brownville, judge presiding. The new court will hold four regular sittings monthly, and will be in session in Dover the first Wednesday of the month, in Mill the second in Greenville the third, and in Guilford the fourth.

Judge R. C. Smith is now retired after an able eleven years, and plans to devote his attention to the practice of law here.

Judge Gerrish came in town Monday to continue his first case after filling his new office.

Another obitography of the same paper reads:

A business change of considerable importance in this village was effected Monday, when Ezra S. and Harry J. Boules took possession of the Piscataquis Steam Laundry which has been continued so successfully the last twenty-six years by Eugene B. Sparring. The new proprietors plan to carry the business on along the same lines that Mr. Sparring has done.

The firm will be known as Boules Bros., and the old title Piscataquis Steam Laundry, will be retained.

Some long-needed repairs have been begun on the Williamsburgh road, at the place known as the Steep Side of Brown's Hill. The ledge has been blasted out, the road levelled, and a deep ditch dug on the east side. When the work is completed the slope of the hill will be materially lessened.

The graduates of Brownville High School called a meeting Monday, July 17th, for the purpose of organizing an Alumni Association. Miss Elsie Merrill presided, and the election of officers occurred as follows:

- Pres., Miss Grace Griffith.
- Vice Pres., Mr. Maurice Mosher.
- Sec., Miss Marion Johnson.
- Treas., Mrs. Ethel (Berry) Jones.

After discussion, it was voted to hold a banquet, which was arranged for 100 Wednesday evening, July 26. The banquet was well attended. For place-cards, class mottos and colors were used; for after-dinner speeches, the experiences and present circumstances of their class-mates were given, by a representative of each class.

*Truly
Love me
reminded
of you*

THE PIONEER

Vol. 1 No. 6

FEBRUARY 1912 Price Per Year 50 Cents

Copy of the Petition for the Incorporation of Brownville.

By Courtesy of E. C. Smith.

To the Honorable Senate and House of Representatives of the State of Maine, in Legislature assembled January 1824

John Willard
Levi Page
Joseph Davis
Ebenezer Heath
Isaac M. Eaton
James Rankin
Nicholas Berry
John Thomas
Joseph Thomas



The Deacon Tufts House

We the subscribers inhabitants of township No five in the Eight rang of townships north of waldo Patent in the County of Penobscot respectively represent that we labor under all the inconveniences incident to unincorporated towns to remedy which we respectfully request the Honorable Senate and House of Representatives to incorporate the said township into a town by the name of Brownville with all the powers privileges and immunities which other towns in this state enjoy as in duty bound we ever pray.
Brownvill 8, Sept. 1823.

Ichabod Thomas
Francis Brown
Levi Morrill
Wm. H. Page
Isaiah Rider

Silas Stickney
Samuel Kennison
John F. C. (or H.) Morrill
George Wilkins
Eli Hamblet
George Smith
Jonah Thomas
Samuel Gould
Jonathan Marble
Josiah Higgins
Josiah Emerson
Samuel Stickney
Jotham Rider



20

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Terms: - - - 50 cents per year.
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For subscription apply to Mrs. Annie Davis.

Snow Fairies.

The snow was falling o'er the town
In wild, fantastic glee,
And little fairies floating down,
(Or so it seemed to me)
Upon the snowflakes pure and fair
That flew so thickly through the air.

"And wherefore do so many come?"
Smiling, they answered me,
"Our fairy king is banqueting,
We are his guests, you see;
His sprite, Jack Frost, has gone before,
To glaze for him the palace floor."

And so, while all is warm within,
And we our comfort take,
The fairies hold their festival
Out on the frozen lake,
And laugh and shout and dance and sing
In honor of their worthy king.

The Wonderful Friend.

I have a wonderful friend:
Jesus, my Saviour is He;
He whom the Father did send
Down to the earth for me.

Chorus

O what a Saviour divine!
Pitying sinners like me!
Fullness of joy I shall find in Him
When His dear face I see.

I in this Friend will abide,
Faithful to Him will I be;
Jesus has gone to provide
Mansions of joy for me.

Lost in transgression was I,
Full of compassion was He;
Leaving His glory on high,
Bearing the cross for me!

The above hymn was taken from "The Golden Sheaf." Both words and music were composed by H. H. Snow, son of B. F. Snow, formerly of North Brownville.

Soldiers of the Civil War.

*Department of the Missouri U. S. Arsenal,
St. Louis.*

Feb. 6th, 1862.

Dear Father:—

Your letter dated Jan. 1st was received Jan. 10th and was perused with much pleasure, but I was pained to hear that Harriet was out of health. Yet I think the Davis family have been very fortunate thus far in remaining so long unbroken. Although thousands of miles have separated us for the last seven years, we are all in the same world yet, and although we cannot see one another, we can talk back and forth as much as we like.

I will now proceed to relate to you some of the events that have taken place since I last wrote. We left Benton Barracks about three weeks ago, and came down to the place we now occupy. This place is south of St. Louis on the Mississippi River. We were sent down to guard the Arsenal and one hundred and fifty Secesh prisoners. We took the place of other troops that were sent down the river. Being the only company here, guard duty became very heavy, taking about fifty men each day. Being a non-commissioned officer, it cleared me from standing guard.

I suppose that you would like to know something about the Secesh. They are a hard-looking set. They have on the same clothes that they had when they were taken prisoners. The officers and privates are all dressed alike; that is, they are all in rags, without uniform. They were taken from Price's army. They were armed at the time with old shot-guns, some double-barrelled, and some single, others with rifles, and with every other weapon that they had before owned, or had stolen from the government. They were destitute of blankets, and living on the hardest fare; many of them carried their powder done up in paper, and their bullets in their pockets. It is quite clear that

the Confederates are in pursuit of an object, under difficulties. They certainly show zeal worthy of a better cause than trying to overthrow a government that never injured them, and that has done more for the poor man than any other government on earth.

This rebellion is terribly mixed up. Becoming acquainted with a few cases, which I will relate to you, I am led to believe that there are thousands of similar ones.

About three weeks ago a Union soldier came down from Benton Barracks to see his son who is a Secesh prisoner here. The old man brought him some clothing and other things to make him comfortable.

I became acquainted, about a week ago, with a Union soldier from the northern part of this State, who has a father and three brothers in the C. S. A., and,—what is more ridiculous,—had a fight with them and took them prisoners, and made them take the oath not to take up arms again, against this government, and let them go. They went right off and joined Price's army. I asked him if he would shoot any of them if he met them again in battle; he said he would not take aim at them, but *he would fire into a crowd where they were.*

* * * *

I just got out of the hospital yesterday where I was confined two weeks with the measles, and I was sick about two weeks before I went there. The mumps and measles have been raging very extensively among the troops about St. Louis. Three of our company have died of them, and twelve are now confined in the hospitals. The hospital is about four miles from here. I received every care and attention while there, that could be expected, but no one can take the place of a mother when a fellow is sick.

A great many ladies—some of them belonging to the St. Louis Aid Society, called to see us, inquired how we were used, and wanted to know if there was anything they could do for us. I suggested that we would like something to read. The next day we had a plenty. I don't know as their generosity and kindness will ever be repaid in this world, but I am quite sure that they will go to heaven when they leave here.

We have had our guns about ten days, and shall probably get our horses in a few days more. It will take one hundred and forty horses for the Battery. When we

get them, we shall probably go down to Fort Jefferson, about seven miles below here.

There has been about two inches of snow on the ground for ten days past, but it is getting muddy again. The ice has been running very thick in the river here, most of the winter.

Tell Caroline that I shall be very happy to comply with her request as soon as I can do so, but cannot at present, for three reasons: first, I am not fully recovered yet from sickness; second, I have not received all of my uniform; and third, it is not very easy to get beyond the walls of the Arsenal.

Hoping that this may find you all well and happy, I remain, as ever,

Your most obedient servant,

C. S. DAVIS.

To Joseph Davis.

St. Louis Arsenal,

Mar. 8, 1862.

Dear Parents:—

I received your letter the 4th instant, and hasten to reply, not knowing when another opportunity will offer. We leave here to-morrow at break of day. We are to report to Gen. U. S. Grant in the field. Our next quarters will probably be in some place in Tennessee. The past two weeks have been very actively employed in preparations for departure. We have received one thousand rounds of ammunition, consisting of grape and canister, solid shot, and all sorts of shot. We ground our sabers about a week since. All the non-commissioned officers have navy revolvers—six-shooters.

* * * *

If Alonzo Bigelow is a prisoner in the Union army, he will probably write to his folks, as the Secesh prisoners that were confined here were allowed to write to their friends in the South, their letters undergoing proper inspection. It is hard saying where a man is now that was unfortunate enough to be caught in the seceded states at the commencement of this war. Quite a number of the Minnesota boys were down there last winter. Many of them returned before the attack on Fort Sumter. The rest have not been heard from.

As for getting transferred, it would be the last thing that I should think of. I shall remain with this Battery until every gun is dismantled or every wheel broken.

Some time since, ten thousand of the muskets taken from Fort Donelson, were deposited in this Arsenal for safe-keeping. They were a miscellaneous lot of guns, and looked as if they had seen service, many of the stocks being broken and some of the bayonets covered with blood.

Direct, First Minn. Battery, St. Louis, Mo., and it will be forwarded. I am, very respectfully,

Your most obedient servant,

C. S. DAVIS.

Dear Mother:—

Have no anxiety on my account. If I lose my life in this war, it will be a consolation to you to know that I offer it freely for my country, and have no desire to shrink from the post of danger.

Yours affectionately,

C. S. DAVIS.

CALVIN DAVIS, 1st Minnesota Battery.

Wounded at Battle of Pittsburg Landing. Died in Military Hospital, St. Louis, Apr. 26, 1862, aged 26 years.

GILMAN N. BROWN, Co. I, 2nd Maine Cavalry. Died in the service.

GILBERT N. BROWN, Co. H., 11th Maine.

ISAAC N. CLAPP, 15th Wisconsin Regt. Severely wounded in second battle of Bull Run. Died at Togus.

SAMUEL G. CROCKER, Co. B., 20th Maine.

CHARLES FOGG, Co. E., 1st Maine Heavy Artillery. Wounded in service.

HORACE S. HOBBS, Co. A., 6th Regt. Me. Vols. First Lieutenant.

WM. G. JONES, Co. E., 1st Maine Heavy Artillery.

CHAS. F. RANKIN, Co. K., 31st Me. Regt. Died in the service, Sept. 4, 1864.

JOHN SMITH. Went to California before the war, and enlisted in California or Nevada troops.

JOSEPH N. STOWELL, Co. A., 6th Me. Vols.

IRA PITMAN WING, Co. A., 6th Me. Member of the Brownville Militia. Enlisted from Sebec as a private. Was with the Army of the Potomac, and at the time of discharge was 1st Lieut.

A Letter.

In a recent letter from California, Wm. B. Lake, a former resident of this town, encloses a Memory of Brownville, together with a promise to send us, at a later date,

a description of some of the incidents in which he took part in the early days.

The writer recalls:

"The singing stream, clear Pleasant River" which he says,

"Sang with more of pleasant music than ever rang

In stately opera.—"

And, indeed, the magic of the flowing water seems to have enchained his memory for he writes of

"The mill-pond where the boys in swimming went,

Just full of over-joy and sweet content;

The mill-brow, fringed with logs both great and small,

Where lads and lasses answered to the call

To talk things over, the village gossip way,

Or to plight troth, some fair, illumined day—

* * * *

The whirring flour-mill where the miller gray

Takes toll from out the grist— * *

The covered bridge down near the grist-mill's side,

Where bats are killed at dusky eventide,

And boys play at tag or watchful hide-and-seek,—

* * * *

The rafts of lumber—"

which he describes as lying below the bridge, ready

"To float adown to fair Penobscot Bay."

Again, he tells of

"The big log-dam, where with a roaring sound

The logs go tumbling when the drives go down,

Striking on end on the watered slate below."

At length, leaving the river, the writer draws us with him over the hills, East Ridge on the one hand, and Brown's Hill on the other, with a view of the distant mountains between; and as he traverses the old, familiar ways, the faces of old friends and neighbors appear.

"O'er many a hill, thro' many a gloomy glade,

Troops of good people come to memory's view.

The Smiths and Browns and Morrills by the score,

The Lakes and Lords and Willards just galore,

The Perhams, Calkins' Jenks', and Riders, too,

The Stickneys, Abbees, Johnsons, not a few,—"

So he continues through the list of Hammonds, Howards, Heaths, Seawells, Nasons, and Jones'; closing with a tribute to Brownville from the recollection of youthful happiness:

"Thy glorious hills—the river glint between—

New England folks—an honest, jolly crew
No better friends by mortal ever seen."

Books.

The following books have recently been presented to the Library:

Given by E. A. Sampson:

Chinese Gordon, *Forbes*.

Jane Eyre, *Bronte*.

Montezuma, *Eggleston*.

The War Tiger, *Dalton*.

Cruise of the Frolic, *Kingston*.

Adventures of Vasco Da Gama, *Towle*.

Lives of Jackson and Marion.

Given by Mrs. Barton:

Life and Work of James G. Blaine,
Ridpath.

Given by Anna Ryder:

St. Elmo, *Evans*.

Given by Queens of Avilion:

The Car of Destiny, *Williamson*.

Set in Silver, *Williamson*.

The Virginian, *Wister*.

Peter, *F. Hopkinson Smith*.

We have also received another gift of books from Miss Sophia Gilman of Hall-owell.

In all, 365 volumes have been added since the opening of the Reading Room in October, 1910.

The Calliopean Baseball Team.

Some time ago a request reached us, for an account of the old Calliopean Baseball Team. In the course of our research, we solicited material from some of the old players themselves; and we were so fortunate as to secure the original record of games played during the latter half of their career.

At the time when baseball was first gaining a foothold in the little villages and towns of the country, Arthur Merrill, re-

turning from school at Kent's Hill, in the spring of 1869, brought with him the rules of the new game, and taught them to the other boys. As soon as they were proficient enough to play, a team was organized, and given the name Calliopean, from some society connected with the school at Kent's Hill. And a little later a second team was made up for the sake of practice.

As many of the boys worked in the quarry, their time for play was necessarily confined to the interval between supper and twilight. At this time they met, to perfect themselves in the rules and practice of playing ball, as well as to enjoy the sport and the friendly rivalry between the two teams.

At length, however, they felt themselves ready to try conclusions with the neighboring towns. So the Calliopeans challenged the Monson boys to a game on the Brownville ball ground. The challenge was accepted; and, on the eventful day, the Monson team came marching down the hill, all in uniform, bats over shoulders, presenting an imposing appearance to the eyes of the plainly equipped Calliopeans, who began to feel qualms at their own temerity in challenging so resplendent a foe. But the game was played, and the Calliopeans felt better, for they had begun that record which was maintained by them so proudly for a period of ten years, during which time they never suffered a defeat.

After the Monsons, they played with the Milos, the Dovers, and others of the neighboring towns,—always with the same happy result. And soon they, too, had attained to a uniform, thanks to the efforts of the young ladies who solicited funds for them, and embroidered upon the blue shield-shaped breast-plate, a letter C in white.

From the old records we learn that in 1875 the Brownville Baseball Association was organized, with the purpose "to foster the national game of baseball, and to promote the interests of amateur players," as stated in Article II. of the Constitution. This Association had about twenty-five members, including several who did not at any time play ball but who furthered the play by their approval and financial support. Within this Association was organized a Baseball Club consisting of the active players, from whom were selected the members of the playing team and of the second team. We quote from the *Record Book*:

24
Brownville, May 8, 1875.

A meeting was held on the Baseball ground May 8, 1875, for the purpose of organizing a Baseball Club, and the following officers were duly elected. C. H. Dunning, President; A. H. Merrill, Vice-President; Arthur Merrill, Secretary; E. E. Williams, Treasurer; J. W. Morrill, Frank Jones, and C. H. Dunning, Baseball Ground Directors; after which the meeting adjourned to the house of C. H. Dunning, and the following persons signed the Constitution:

J. W. Morrill.
E. E. Williams.
Arthur Merrill.
A. H. Merrill, 2nd.
Frank Jones.
L. E. Morrill.
G. C. Merrill.
Alfred Merrill.
William O. Poole.
Frank E. Tibbetts.
Dana H. Perham.
Henry Jones.
E. D. Sparrow.
E. Hamlin.
M. Young.
Moses Wedge.
C. H. Dunning.
Silas Lord.
Frank E. Brown.
Receipts, \$6.00.

The Brownville Baseball Association for the year 1875, played the following games of ball, to wit, June—, a match game between the R— Club, Captain A. Merrill, and the S— Club, Captain Frank Jones, resulting in a victory for the S— Club, the score standing, R— Club, 35, S— Club, 36. Umpire, Mr. E. W. Stewart of Brownville.

July 5, a match game between the Picked Ten and the Outside Club, Captains A. Merrill and C. W. Herrick; score standing twelve and thirty-six in favor of the Picked Ten. Umpire, Mr. A. Leonard of Milo.

October 23, a friendly game between the Picked Ten of Brownville, and the Picked Ten of Milo, Captains Frank Jones and W. T. Wood; score standing in favor of the Brownville Boys 25 to 23.

Umpire, Mr. A. Leonard of Milo. Scorers, G. A. Hamlin of Brownville, and Mr. W. Snow of Milo.

Brownville, May 13, 1876.

A meeting was held at C. L. Dunning's store for the purpose of re-organizing the

Brownville Baseball Association and the following officers were chosen: C. H. Dunning, President; Leslie Morrill, Vice-President; Arthur Merrill, Secretary; Frank Jones, Treasurer; William Jones, Leslie Morrill, and Print Nason, Field Directors. It was voted to offer \$3.00 for the Baseball grounds. Frank Jones and C. H. Dunning were to ascertain whether the Baseball Club could control it at said price. After which the meeting closed.

ARTHUR MERRILL, Sec'y.

Brownville, July 4, 1876.

A game of ball was played on Brownville Baseball Club ground, between the Red-Caps of Monson, and the Brownville Baseball Club of Brownville, resulting in favor of the Brownville Club, 18 to 8. Red-Caps 8, Brownville Club 18. Umpire, Adams H. Merrill, 2nd.

ARTHUR MERRILL, Sec'y.

In April, 1877, the Baseball Club was again re-organized, and arrangements made for new balls, bases, etc. Then the following record appears:

June 16. A match game of Baseball was played on the home ground between the Clearers of Dover, and the Calliopeans of Brownville, resulting in favor of the latter by a score of 50 to 12. Umpire, Mr. J. Campbell of Dover. Scorers, F. M. Morrill and S. Brockway.

L. E. MORRILL, Sec'y.

After this overwhelming defeat, the citizens of Dover urged their local players to return the challenge of the Calliopeans, first preparing themselves for the encounter by faithful practice. As an added incentive, they promised to furnish uniforms to the team "if they would beat the Calliopeans." The game is thus recorded:

Oct. 20th. A match game of Baseball was played on the Dover ground between the Clinchers of Dover and Foxcroft and the Calliopeans of Brownville, resulting in favor of the Calliopeans by a score of 23 to 7. Umpire, John E. Roberts of Brownville. Scorers, Wm. H. Kelley of Brownville, and A. G. Gray of Dover.

L. E. MORRILL, Sec'y.

In preparation for the above game, the Calliopeans played a friendly game with the Defiance Club of Milo, and were again successful. The following May occurred a new election of officers; and in June and July two more games are recorded:

June 25, 1878. Part of a match game of baseball was played at Orono on the State College grounds, between the University Nine and the Calliopeans, resulting in a score of 5 to 3 in favor of the Calliopeans. Umpire, J. E. Roberts. Scorers, Fred Briggs, C.—, U. M.

L. E. MORRILL, Sec'y.

This game was interrupted by a shower, at the close of the fifth inning; and the Orono boys did not return to the field to finish the game.

Brownville, July 4, 1878.

A match game of Baseball was played on the Monson ground between the Red-Caps of Monson and the Calliopeans of Brownville, resulting in a score of 60 to 18, in favor of the Calliopeans. Umpire, J. E. Roberts. Scorers, C. L. Dunning, C. E. A. Sampson, R. C.

E. L. MORRILL, Sec'y.

Here the record ends so far as the Calliopeans are concerned; but their last game was not played till Nov., 1879, when they won another victory from the Dover team. Previous to this, they had challenged the Bangor team to a game—a proposition which was rejected on the ground that the Bangor's played only with professionals.

Meanwhile, the personnel of the Calliopean Club was rapidly changing, one player after another dropping out, by removal or other changes, until they finally drifted apart, never again to meet on the ball ground.

For the greater part of their ten year's existence, the members of the team played in this order:

Catcher,	Herbert Dunning
Pitcher,	Leslie Morrill
First baseman,	Arthur Merrill
Second baseman,	Frank Jones
Third baseman,	Alfred Merrill
Shortstop,	Ernest Sparrow
Right fielder,	Henry Jones
Center fielder,	Dana Perham
Left fielder,	George Merrill

Below we give extracts from a letter written by A. H. Merrill of Mooreton, North Dakota.

"The old Calliopeans came from Kent's Hill, name and game, brought by Arth about forty years ago. He was attending school there, and whatever else he didn't learn, he learned the baseball game. Before that we had only 'four-year-old-cat,' (or 'round ball') and 'barn ball' to play.

Our boys used to hurry home from the quarry, fly to the wash-dish, from there to the supper table, and by 6:45 at the out-

side, we were on the trot for the ball ground, to practise as long as we could see a ball. The performance repeated about six evenings a week.

We didn't play many games—one or two each summer—other than practice games. And the Monson team, and a game or two with Dover, besides our hereditary enemies, the Milos, about comprised the list of teams. I think we challenged the Old Towners one summer; they first accepted and then backed out; and it seems to me our boys went to Orono for one game.

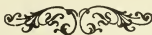
I remember, too, that at the end of every game the opposing teams were lined up face to face at the home base, about six feet apart, to hear the score read by the scorers; after which, the captain of the victorious team whisked off his cap and called for three cheers for the vanquished. And they were given—lustily, too. Then the captain of the other team got to the front, and called for three cheers for the victors, cheers that were given with a will, albeit some of us felt more like punching their heads just then. And then we always took the visiting team to dinner with us—a specially prepared dinner, where the two teams, umpire, and scorers had a long table to themselves.

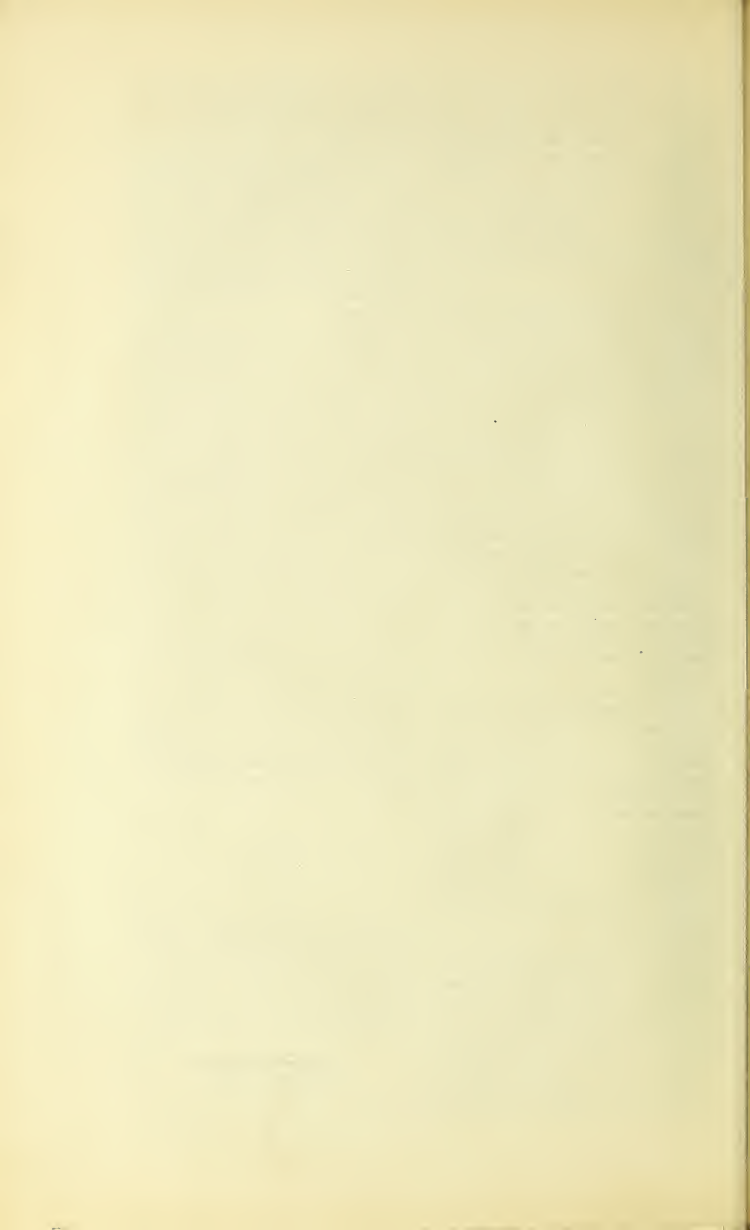
Ah, well! the old days are gone, but I can't lose interest in the old game. And the thrills go tingling through my body when a pretty play is made, just about as it used to do years ago.

Good old game! Royal old days when I could play it! God bless the boys who can play it, the girls who can cheer them on, and us old fellows who can still look on and cheer at some brilliant, difficult play."

Items.

During the summer vacation repairs were made on the schoolhouses in both villages, providing new basement arrangements which have been long needed. A new wing also was added to the building at Brownville Junction, one room of which is now occupied by the Primary School.





THE PIONEER

Vol. 1 No. 7

APRIL, 1912

Price Per Year 50 Cents

EBEEME

Bright is the broad Ebeeme as in the days
gone by;

So little Nature sorrows when those that
love her die.

The vast pine's benediction still greets the
wakening year,

Still from the snow-bank's edges the pink-
white May-blooms peer,

With bowstring-twang the wild-fowl bend
here their arrow-flight,

What time the full-moon lingers below the
floor of night,

And long before the swart snow has left
the shadiest glen,

The winter-starven partridge drums merrily
again.

There is no southern hillside but coins itself
in gold,

And every violet's fingers their fill of
heaven hold;

Here, as in June's aforetime, the shy, red
strawberries, strawn,

Blush to the water's redness that eyes the
early dawn;

And when the flowers of springtime have
breathed their light away,

And August's blackened clover no more
perfumes the day,

Still flash the scarlet cardinals along
Ebeeme's shore,

Like elfin bale-fires mourning the blooms
that are no more.

Upon its heaving shallows the anchored
lilies nod,

Greeting the purple asters and plummy
golden-rod;

Hushed are the summer's voices, its up-
roar and its song,

All but the picket challenge the shy crows
pass along.

With bow-string twang the wild-fowl wing
hence their arrow-flight,

What time the full-moon lingers above the
floor of night,

While, last of summers tokens, new-born
to feebler glow,

Like love in old age quickened, the dand-
elions blow.

Oh! lovely is the springtime, with fragrance
of new life,

And lovely is the summer, with song and
hue at strife,

But blessings smile at parting, the year is
then most fair,

When its low summons calls it, far whis-
pering down the air.

'Tis then on all Ebeeme comes down a
wondrous light,

Faint golden mists by daytime, the golden
moon by night;

Then all Ebeeme's waters, on every wooded
strand,

Are drenched with light no sunset stole yet
from Elfin-Land.

For now is Heaven nearer; through all the
woodland round,

No bush but hath its angel, and burneth
without sound;

No sound there is, yet voices are haunting
all the air,

And some have said, who listened, that
God spake with them there.

And ah! of one I mind me, to whom indeed
there spake

An aery voice that called him from moun-
tain and from lake.

Since then two years have vanished, and
still the seasons keep

Their round of life and slumber, and birth
and life and sleep.

But vainly drear November may dye the
mountains blue,

And stain the waves with color no June
skies ever knew,

Something there was that is not, on moun-
tain, wave and shore,

Since one, who knew and loved them, is
met by them no more.

This poem was published by H. L. Koopman in his volume of verses. During his college course, he, with a party of friends, spent some days camping at Ebeeme.

EXTRACT FROM DIARY OF JOSEPH DAVIS

Brownville, Sept. 4th, 1828.

Thursday evening, attended the ap-
pointed prayer-meeting at Mrs. Brown's;
went under many discouragements; met
the two Mrs. Morrels and Mr. Mayo by
the way, returning from the mills; saw Mr.
Sheldon in garden when passing; met
Mary Hamblet near Mr. Brown's, in-
quired if there was to be a meeting that
evening; two or three were collected, in
the course of the evening twelve or four-
teen were present, had a good meeting.
Mr. Johnson appeared much engaged.
Mr. Jeffords brought to examine himself

fer a week or two past and doubted whether he was ever born of God and desired the progress of the church, which was encouraging to those who knew the trials of a Christian.

Saturday, 6th.—Been sick two days past; attended meeting this afternoon rather late, heard part of the sermon. Col. Lee, Milo, presented himself for examination by the church; for twenty years had been rationally convinced of the truth of the gospel and way of life and salvation; for four years past had been friendly to the cause of Christ; for one year past hoped he had felt what he had before believed; voted to be admitted tomorrow.

Sunday, 7th.—Attended meeting this forenoon, partook of the symbols of a dying Saviour with feeling not satisfactory to myself, but duty says press forward towards the mark of the high calling of God in Christ.

October 8th.—One month has passed away; meetings have been thinly attended until this evening at Mr. Sheldon's, more were present than usual, some prospect of a revival; revival commenced at Milo, six indulged a hope of an interest in Christ, twenty more anxious; find myself unwilling to perform every duty incumbent on me and I don't know but unprepared. O that I might have a willing mind and a preparation of heart to perform what God requires of me. Will God pour out his spirit here and revive his work in the hearts of all his children and awaken the impenitent to repentance and faith and glorify his name.

SOLDIERS OF THE CIVIL WAR

Warwick Court House

April 26th, 1862.

Dear Mother:—

As it is raining to-day and I have plenty of time, I thought I would write you a few lines to let you know that I am well, and getting along well. We have got some tents now so we can get under cover when it rains,—they are small ones though, just big enough for two; when we move we shall have to lug them on our backs. Charles Rogers tents with me; he is sitting here beside me writing to Susan. Charles wants me to write and tell you how black my hands are, but I shan't for I don't think you would believe me if I did. I don't think he can say much about black hands though.

Well, Mother, we are pretty near the rebels now,—near enough to hear their bands play "Dixie" about every morning. They are strongly fortified, but when we get ready we shall go into them the same as we would go into a potato field and hoe them out.

I have heard before now a great deal about the Sunny South but if this is a specimen of it here, I don't want to see any more of it, for one day it will be hot enough to roast a fellow and the next cold enough to freeze him, and it rains about half of the time and the mud is two feet deep in the roads where they haven't bridged it. They have bridged about half of the roads here, and there are six or eight hundred men at work on the road every day now.

I saw Charles day before yesterday—he was over here and stopped a few moments. They expect to be paid off soon and I think we shall be paid off again when the 6th is paid for the Capt. is making out our payrolls. There will be four months' pay due the 6th the first day of May, and two months due us.

You need not be worried about us, Mother, for McLellan doesn't depend on his infantry to take Yorktown. He will lay off and shell them out, and after he drives them out of their intrenchments we shall go in, then.

Bradley Hamlet got here yesterday; he is in Co. B. We could not get one of the recruits because our company was the biggest in the Regt.

I have not had a letter for about three weeks and I don't know what to think about it. I want you all to write as often as you can and I will do the same.

From your son,

MATTHEW S. BERRY.

The list of soldiers given below is taken from the Williamsburg Record, loaned us by John Pitman, who discovered it on a loose leaf among the town papers. In addition to these, we insert the names of two who were citizens of Williamsburg, but who enlisted from other states.

JOHN FREDERICK DUNNING, Co. D., 2nd. Regt., Mass. Volunteers. Enlisted from Boston. Fell in battle at Gaines Mills, Va., June 27, 1862.

WILLIAM GOULD, Co. A., 6th Regt., Me. Vols. Enlisted July 15, 1861, Re-enlisted in Co. D., 16th Maine. Killed in the service.

- FERDINAND W. MERRILL, Co. H., 6th Me. Enlisted July 15, 1861. Taken prisoner in Battle of the Wilderness. After eleven months, escaped from Andersonville during an exchange of prisoners.
- FREDERICK MERRILL, 9th Minnesota Regt. With the Army of the West on the Tennessee, Cumberland, and Mississippi Rivers. Wounded at Mobile. (Enlisted from Shakopee, Minnesota.)
- WALTER G. MORRILL, Co. B., 6th Regt. Enlisted July 15, 1861, as private. Was made Capt., and later, Lieut.-Col. Wounded in the Battle of the Wilderness.
- ALFRED PRESCOTT, Co. H., 11th Me. Enlisted Oct. 14, 1861. Died of fever, Jan. 4, '63, at Yorktown.
- CHAS. B. PRESCOTT, Co. L., 1st Me. Heavy Art. Enlisted Jan. 1st, 1864. Killed in the service.
- EBEN G. PRESCOTT, Co. H., 11th Maine. Enlisted Oct. 14, 1861. Re-enlisted, and served through the war.
- EDWARD P. PRESCOTT, Co. A., 6th Me. Enlisted July 15, 1861. Served through the war.
- FRANKLIN PRESCOTT, Co. A., 6th Me. Enlisted July 15, 1861. Served through the war.
- SIMON PRESCOTT, Co. H., 11th Me. Enlisted Oct. 14, 1861. In hospital for long time. Came home just alive. Got better, re-enlisted, and served through the war.
- AMOS L. STINEFORD, Co. E., 31st Me. Enlisted April, 1864. Died in Libby Prison.
- DANIEL CURTIS BILLINGS, Co. H., 12th Me. Enlisted Nov. 15, 1861. Re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864. Wounded.

THE SHOP REMOVAL

Wm. B. Lake

Some time in the 40's—the exact time I cannot now tell because my diaries of that early date are not with me—a little village incident happened, the secret of which has never been told in all these years. Well do I remember the late Saturday night and early Sunday morning when "Uncle Elisha's" shoe-maker's shop took up its line of march, preceded by many yoke of oxen, bending to their bows, toward Brother Sewall's Congregational Church; and, thinking that the later gener-

ation of Brownville's good people may be interested in a recital of that boyish prank—a film for a moving picture show—I will here relate it as it happened.

It was early Saturday forenoon,—a no-school day—when a coterie of boys got together in the shingle-machine room of the old saw-mill, to devise ways and means for the change of base of the objectionable shop; and it was agreed that each boy who could, should come with one or two yoke of oxen and all the chains at hand, to the hay-scales opposite the store where Uncle Jenks trafficked in groceries and things in exchange for barter of the farmers, including what little coin they might have.

At 11:30 P. M., a picket was stationed at the top of the bridge hill, at the intersection of the road leading past Lake's, Kimball's, Morrill's and Page's houses, (Pleasant St.), and another on the Katahdin Iron Works road (Church St.) about half way between Lord's tavern and the foot of schoolhouse hill,—to report to the general committee convened on the logs on the mill-brow, when the coast was clear. A few belated travelers went past about 11:40 and, that report being in, it was ordered that the teams be assembled quietly. As the first one came from Lake's, a happy Welshman crossed the bridge from the west side and plodded along toward the Crocker or Phineas Morrill slate quarries; and later he reported that he passed the shop at 12 o'clock and it was then in its place.

Immediately after, the oxen commenced to arrive, with muffled chains, and the silent drivers gave their commands of *gee* and *haw* in whispers to Bright and Brindle, Star, Spot and others, and urged obedience, by use of the light goad with sharpened brad. In a marvelously brief time, the oxen were lined up in two columns in the road, each securely fastened to a corner of the shop; and, at an agreed signal, the goad-sticks were brought into use, the oxen settled into their bows, the big chains creaked, and the offending shop slowly moved from its foundation. Soon it passed the liberty pole at Lord's corner, on its way to church; and not many half hours elapsed before it moved by Peter Perham's and schoolhouse hill; and a little farther on, it was left,—to be discovered in the early Sunday morning. (And the town authorities later returned it to its original location.) The teams were quietly

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returned to their stalls, and the boys to their beds.

Monday morning, one of the selectmen, Mr. Thomas, came to the village, to discover and punish the wicked boys for their deed. But no boy told, and I believe this to be the first "tale out of school" by, perhaps, the only surviving wicked boy. My father said he was sure his oxen were not in the team, as no one could go to the barn because of his dog Ponto,—never suspecting that his boys might go.

BIG LAKE CHRISTMAS DAY, 1910

Extract from Verses written by B. F. Snow.

But what I valued most of all,
Nothing could please me more,
Was Nellie's children-picture,
A wreath of twenty-four.

Pictures of ten great-grandmothers,
Fourteen great-grandsons, too,
I'd like to know who could beat that,
Now truly wouldn't you.

My latest great-granddaughter,
Lives in the town of Spain,
Away out in Dakota,
Ava Castle, is her name.

The last great-grandson on the list,
(We just heard from the chap)
Lives in the town of Ogilvie,
Named, Sidney Francis Knapp.

The first great-grandson on the list,
Is Percival Robarts Knapp,
He can always claim that title,
Not so the other chap.

Then there's Lawrence Knapp and Sidney,
Making five in all for Nell,
When you count the two young ladies
Rachel and Isabel.

And up at Haven there are some,
The grandchildren of Kate,
And if you count them carefully
You'll find that there are eight.

There is Laura, Ruth and Frankie,
And Lester, Charles and Lyle,
And Harry and Miss Edna,
Live at Clear Lake the while.

And Henry's daughter Lina
Has five children now they say,
There's Joseph, Clarence, Clint and Glenn,
And little Ava Mae.

Henry's other daughter, Emily,
Has three of them 'tis said,
Rachel and Nellie Ava,
And Thomas, nicknamed Ted.

Then Charlie's grandson, Vernon,
And Rosemary, adds two more,
And Myrtle's baby Lois,
Makes just the twenty-four.

An Afterthought

But then, Oh my! as Lois says,
This state of things won't last.
If it happens in the future
As it happened in the past
The woods will be so full of them
That we can hardly count 'em,
And Nell must have a bigger frame
If she intends to mount 'em.

Later

And now to prove that I was right,
The job but just begun,
Kate's daughter, Abbie Miller,
Has got a ten pound son.
And Irwin, out in Canada,
We hear has got another,
Guess I'll give up recording them
And save me all the bother.

The first great-grandson, Percival,
Is only eight years old,
And there are twenty-six of them
Alive just now, all told.
I think that's doing pretty well,
For such a little while,
If Roosevelt could see them all,
Now wouldn't Teddy smile, ha! ha!
But *wouldn't* Teddy smile.

IN THE EARLY DAYS

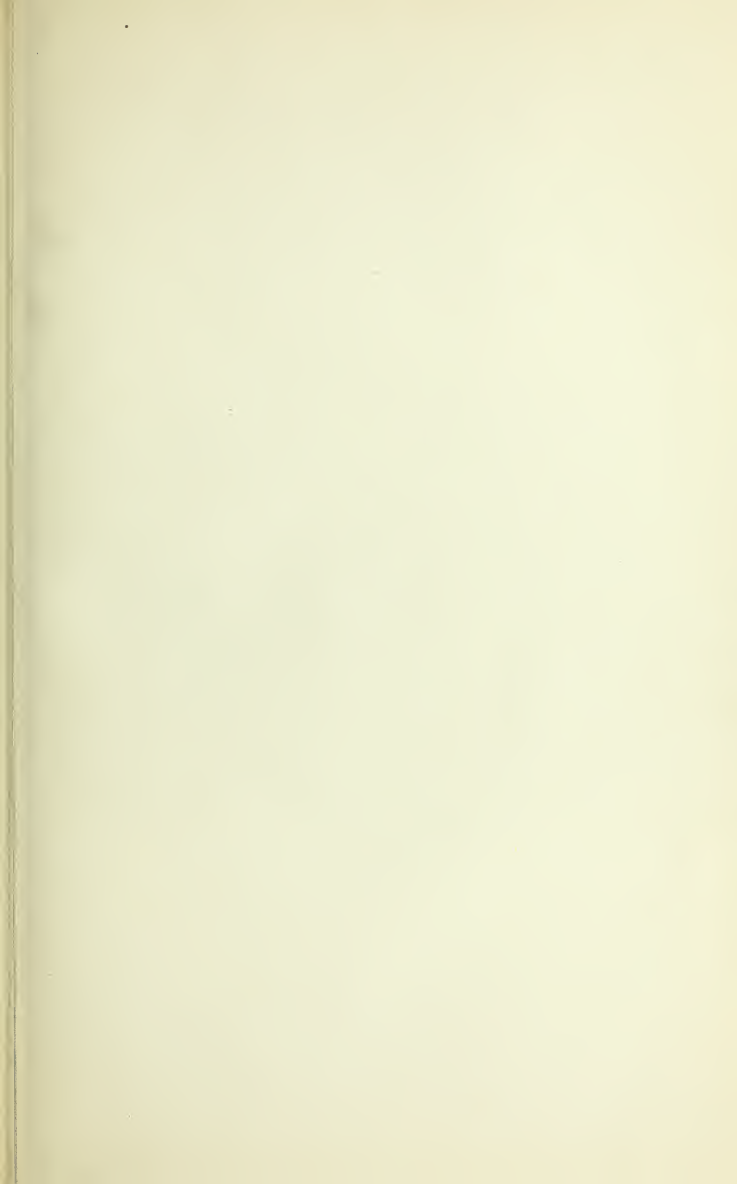
Carrie Page Russell

Levi Page came to Brownville when there were only three frame houses in town, bringing his family and goods in an ox-cart, his wife on horseback. He settled on the lot of land where Mrs. Anna Stubbs now lives, and built a log-house there. He had a family of four boys and four girls.

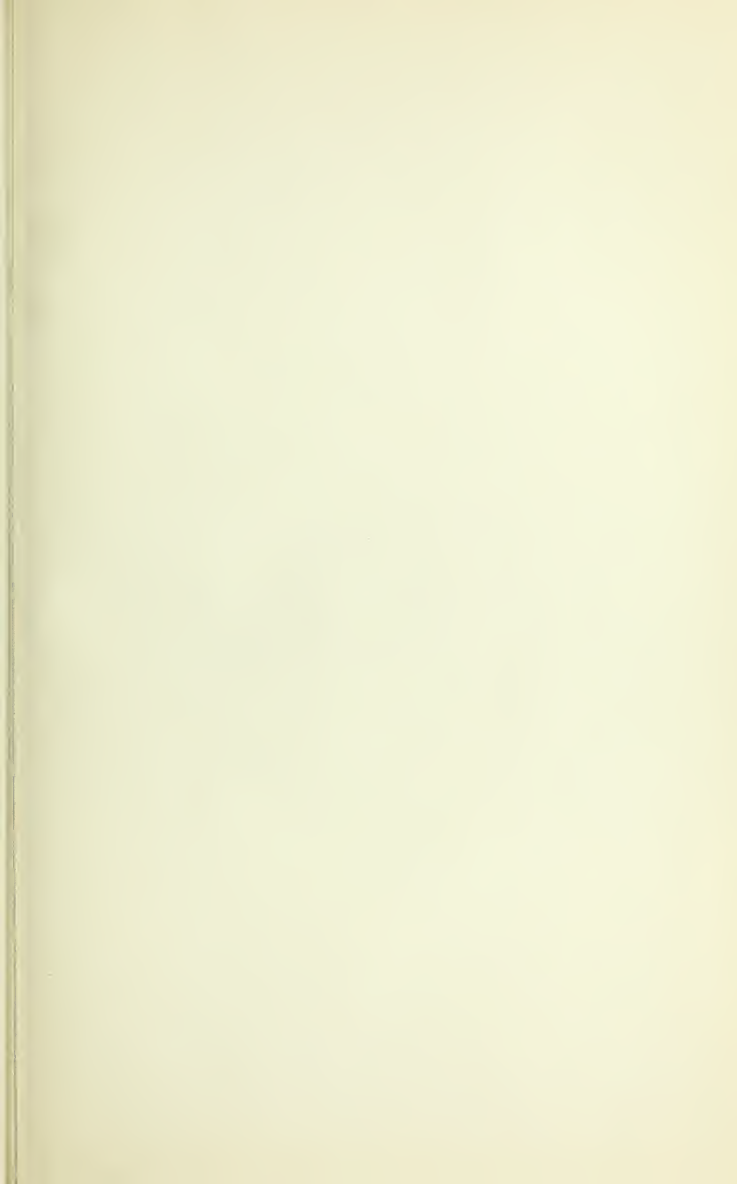
For years there was only a path through the woods from his house to the main road. When coming out to church, in winter the children would slide as far as they could; in summer they would walk bare-footed as far as Stickney's brook where they washed and dressed their feet, put on their ties, etc., removing them at the same place on their return so as to make them wear longer.

Sometimes the children had but one pair of shoes among them, as they took turns having new ones made when the shoemaker came around. The shoes were then made large, so that all might be able to wear them.

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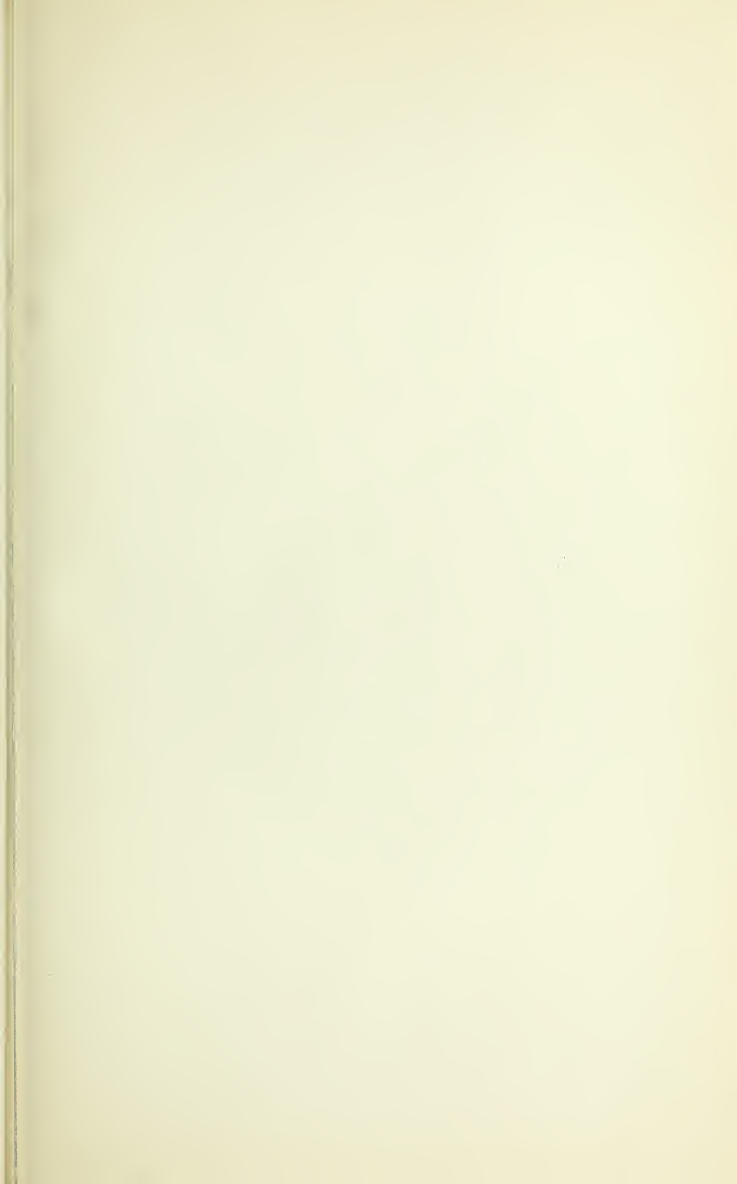








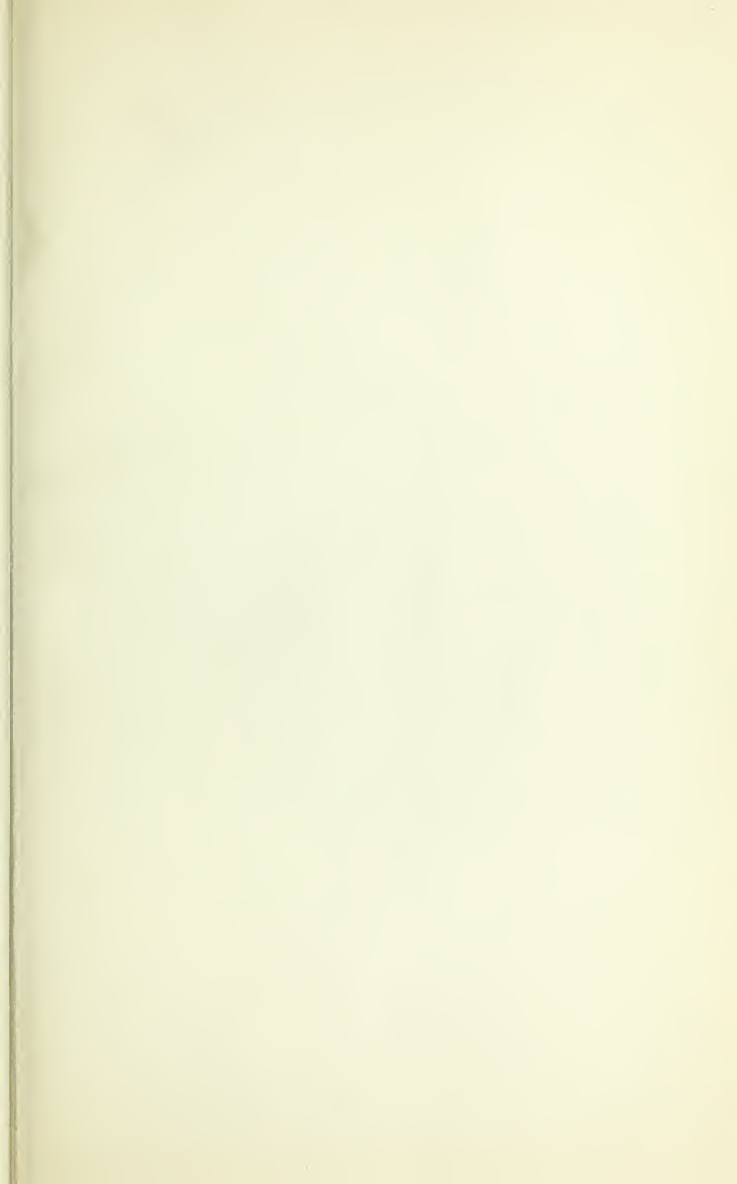




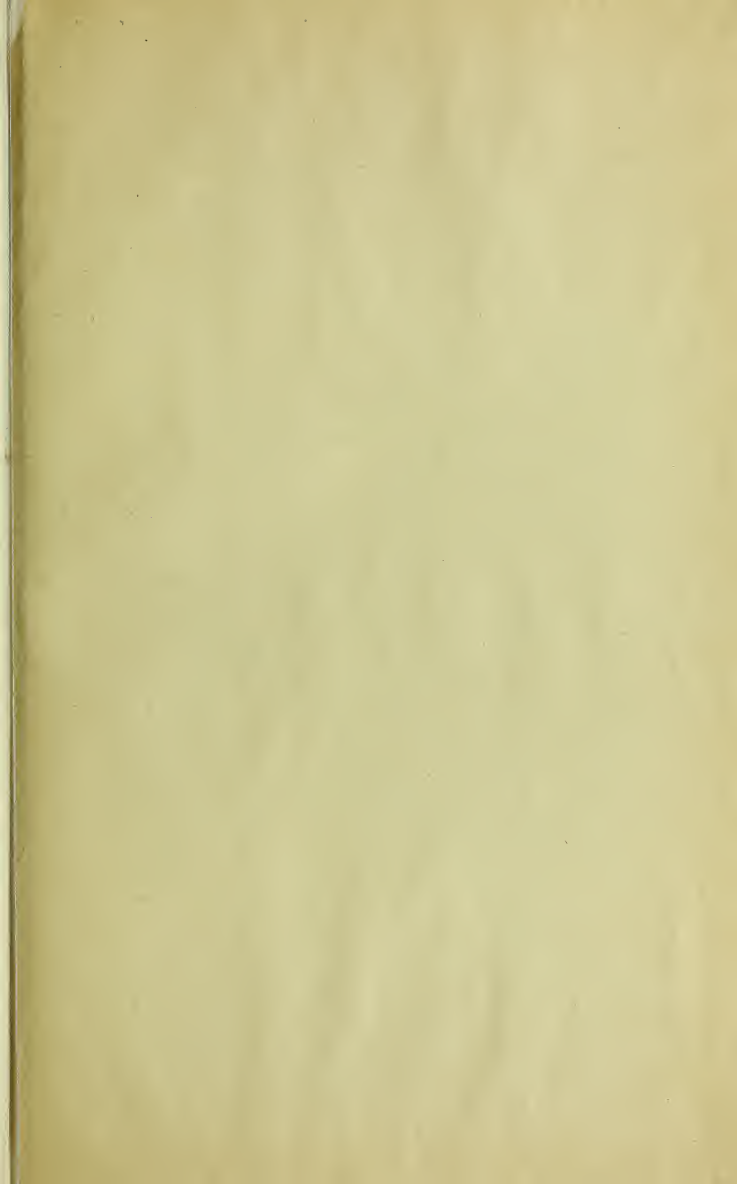


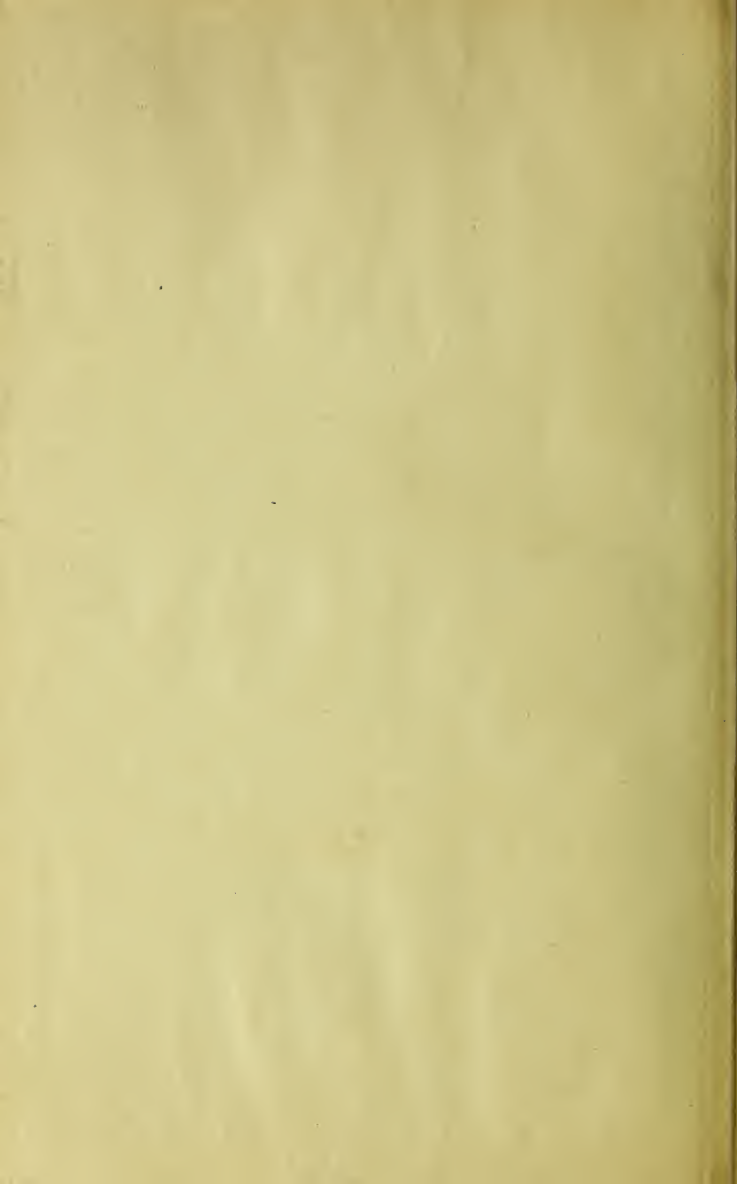












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